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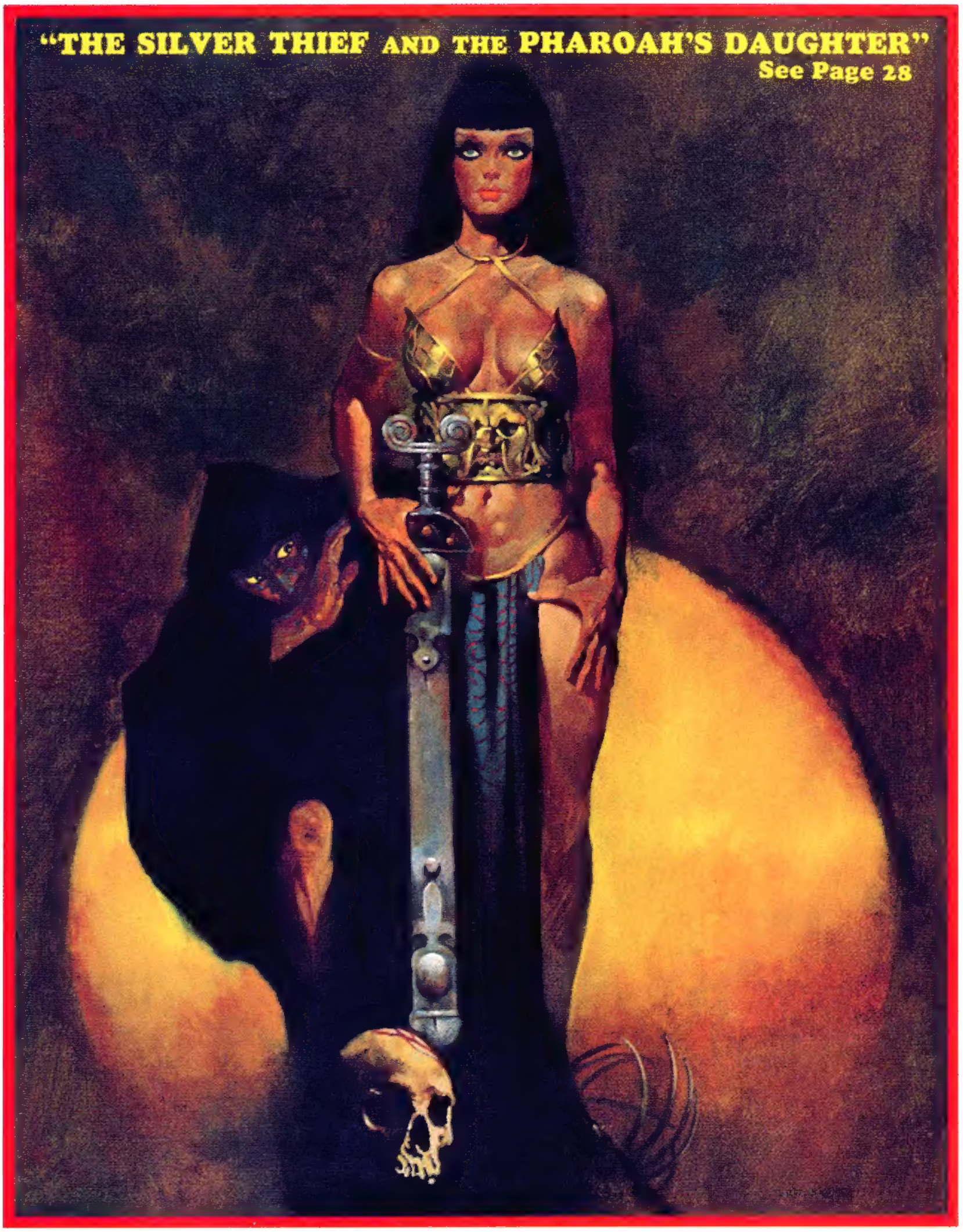
VAMPI
#13
SEPT. 1971

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢



VAMPI'S FEARY TALES

HOUSES WERE SHUT UP TIGHT IN ANCIENT GREECE AFTER DARK—FOR THE CREATURES OF EVIL THEN CAME OUT TO PLAY. CHILDREN WERE KEPT OFF THE STREETS. YOUNG MEN ESPECIALLY WERE SEVERELY CAUTIONED, BECAUSE THEY WERE THE PRIME TARGETS OF WICKEDNESS. THE MOST FEARED OF ALL WAS THE TERRIBLE...

LAMIAE

THE LAMIAE APPEARED AS LADIES OF EASY VIRTUE ON ANCIENT COBBLESTONE STREETCORNERS OF GREECE, SOLICITING YOUNG MEN...

ESPECIALLY 'PLUMP' YOUNG MEN, WHOM, ONCE IN THEIR CLUTCHES, THEY COMPLETELY DEVOURED, PICKING THEIR BONES CLEAN!

LAMIAE WERE SAID TO POSSESS THE UNIQUE ABILITY TO REMOVE THEIR EYEBALLS AT WILL! *(THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH?)* UGH!

AT CORINTH, INFANTS WERE SACRIFICED IN THEIR HONOR AND BURIED UNDER A HIDEOUS STATUE OF ONE OF THE LAMIAE!

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Underground Artist Original Designer of Vampirella's Scant Outfit...

Sorry but I must inform you that you were incorrect in stating that Frank Frazetta designed Vampirella's outfit (you said this in issue #11). TRINA ROBBINS, an underground artist, designed it and described it to Frank over the phone. Give credit where it is due. Further concerning issue #11, there was only one well rendered story. That one by L. M. Roca. Is he any relation to Almond Roca? If you're considering a "LILITH" story, the only artist to use is Jeff Jones or Ernie Colon. Or maybe even Wally Wood. Oh, well, any of those guys you've got on staff who do exceptionally good work would do justice to Lilith. The Frazetta cover of issue #11 wasn't spectacular, but just 'good'.

CHARLES FLYNN
San Francisco, Calif.

We knew that most of our readers were very well informed in various areas concerning horror mags, witchcraft, the occult, etc., but 'inside' information pertaining to the designing of my costume . . . well, I must say, I really am amazed. You're right, Chuck. The designing of my outfit was discussed with Frank prior to my first appearance in VAMPIRELLA #1. Trina came up with a pretty good descriptive sketch, don't you think? Kind of snug, but cute.

> "... the overall attitude of your magazine has graduated from a 'boy, aren't we naughty' attitude to a "yeah, she's nude, so what?' theme. It wasn't cheap exhibitionism. The nudity and sex were used as important parts of the story."

DRAGON WOMAN by SANHO KIM

Re: Vampirella #11. This was undoubtably your finest issue to date. The art content was improved over previous issues—no Dick Piscopo, no Tony Williamsune, no Joe Wehrle, no Alac Justice to deaden the art of Frazetta or Sanho Kim or Jerry Grandenetti or Tom Sutton—the story lines have improved—no Bill Parante or any of the other hacks to dull the impact of Nick Cuti or Archie Goodwin or Larry Herndon. But most of all, the overall attitude of your magazine has graduated from a 'boy, aren't we naughty' attitude to a 'yeah, she's nude, so what?' theme. The nudity and sex were used as important parts of the stories, not just to give the younger readers a thrill. For example, 'Dragon Woman' by Sanho Kim. There was nudity and sex, but it was a part of the story—a necessary part. It wasn't cheap exhibitionism.

My only regret is that there was no Billy Graham or Wally Wood present this issue. These two men are among your most talented assets.

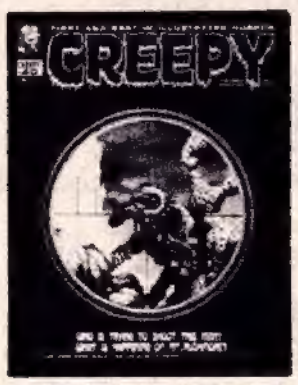
I really enjoyed "Dragon Woman" the best. Sanho Kim should win a dual prize for art and story. The absolute enjoyment I got from this story cannot be put into words. I'd like to see more of this artist in Vampirella. One final note. If you have to raise the price of your magazine to make a full color pin-up, why not just make it black and white? After all, it's still a pin up isn't it?

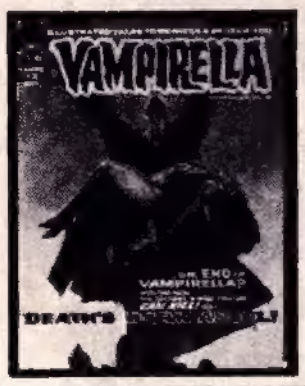
VOLKAN TEKELI
New York, N. Y.

You have great potential with your three magazines—Vampirella, Creepy, and Eerie. You are not hindered by an outdated code; you are independent of the traditional distributors; you have the sharpest printing available. You no longer have any excuses. If Warren magazines doesn't give the readers the best quality material available, it is for one of two reasons—either you can't produce quality material, or you won't. If it is the former, you have my sympathy. If it is the latter, you don't even deserve that.

CHARLES D. SCHRECK
El Paso, Ill.

THE NEXT TIME SOMEONE ASKS, "DID YOU SEE THAT GREAT STORY IN CREEPY (OR EERIE, OR VAMPIRELLA, OR FM)?"—BE SURE YOU CAN ANSWER YES. GET YOUR ISSUES MAILED TO YOU IN A STURDY, PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE. MAIL THE COUPON NOW. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE IF NOT SATISFIED.





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MAIL TO: WARREN PUBLISHING CO., 145 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016

A letter from Ronald G. Hash of Marion, Va., which appeared in Vampirella #12 (remember?) contained some pertinent and rather ironic information. Contestant #13 in the New York regional "Miss American Vampire Contest" was a real witch! After arduous research, the Warren staff discovered the following about . . . WITCH HAZEL.

During the week of March 19th, 200 people met at the Wendell Wilkie Memorial Hall in New York for a Spring Occult Symposium. The gathering of self-proclaimed experts on witchcraft, magic, satanism and psychic phenomena included the high priestess of the New York coven of witches . . . our #13, WITCH HAZEL.

Draped in black is Witch Hazel, high priestess of the coven of witches.

I am one of the many fans of Frazetta who read your magazines. Although I have never written before I have always read the letter pages. Over the past year there have been many requests for posters. I also noticed that in every issue there are letters which praise Frazetta's artwork. You have stated that in order to make posters you would have to raise the price of your magazines. I would like to offer an alternative. If you were to start a fan club for Frazetta and charge $1.00 this would probably cover the cost of printing the posters. I think this may be the answer to your problem.

I have also noticed that Frazetta does very little artwork inside your mags. Why doesn't he do more? It would seem that he has put aside his pencils and pens and taken to doing only oil paintings. I have been collecting his artwork for over a year and all of the more recent are oils. Another thing I would like to see is a picture of Mr. Frazetta.

I have nearly every thing he has done from Famous Funnies to Tarzan paperbacks. Would it be possible to obtain a small, unimportant piece of artwork? I know this is an outrageous request but can a loyal fan do less?

RICKY CARUFEL
Pawtucket, R.I.

I am 23 years old and a Sps. in the U.S. Army stationed in Vietnam. Some people think your mags are kid stuff, but over here, you need something to "escape" into, and for me, your mag is it. Unfortunately, no Warren Publication's of any kind seem to make it across the Pacific, at least I have never seen any and I look every chance I get. I appreciate realistic art work, and yours is the best I've found so far, so keep it up. Off the wall details also interest me and I was wondering if you would answer a few personal questions. Such as, how tall is Vampi? How much does she weigh? What color are her eyes? My guess is about 5 ft. 5 in., 115 lbs. and blue. Am I close? What ever happened to the birthmark that was so prominent in the first couple of issues? What happens to the clothing, boots, jewelry, etc. a vampire wears when she changes forms? What type blood does vampires have, the same as any ordinary mortal? Does all of the injuries Vampirella has been receiving lately leave any scars? I'd hate to see Vampi all messed up in her adventures.

SPS/JOHN PUTT
2nd Signal Group
Vietnam

Well John, to answer most of your questions would probably ruin the various 'real life' impressions most of our other readers have of myself. It's been suggested I give my height, weight, measurements, etc., many times before in previous issues. However, the closest likeness to the many illustrations by our staff artists has never equa'ed the original rendition by Frank Frazetta . . . UNTIL we received a PHOTO of a 19 Year-Old London fashion model from one of our readers who wrote us and suggested her as a perfect Vampirella. Her name is MARY COLLINS.

What do you think?
MARY COLLINS, A 19 Year-Old Fashion Model suggested by one of our readers as a perfect Vampirella.

I received issue #12 today and was glad you could use my letter (re: my secretary Linda, Vampi #11). Frankly, she is a lousy typist and her shorthand is terrible, resulting in my having to type this letter. Other than that, she is a darn good secretary.

Fortunately, I'm a professional man and I don't get much walk-in business, so I'm inclined to humor my secretary when she goes nude around the office. If you peer closely, you will see the resemblance to Vampirella. However, she never got around to whipping out a Vampi costume for herself as sewing is not one of her talents. Concerning Vampi posters, we the readers are not asking for a free one along with our subscription, just make a Vampi poster available at, say a dollar or so. Leave the subscription price the way it is. As for your editorial comment that you'd like to see a rendering of Linda. Thanks, but we like to keep our renderings relatively discreet. No viewers. However, hope you can use the photo of Linda I'm sending.

R. STONE
Houston, Texas

Sorry, we couldn't run Linda's picture (nude photo's are always too revealing) although Uncle Creepy and Cousin Eerie got a chuckle from it. I did note a slight resemblance. Uncle Creepy thinks she ought to work in a library because she's well stacked. Cousin Eerie just drooled.

YOU'RE RIGHT WHEN YOU WRITE

Keep those letters coming right on into

SCARLET LETTERS
c/o Warren Publishing
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Every letter is carefully read and as many as possible are printed in each issue! So . . . WRITE ON, fans . . . WRITE ON!

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THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

LISTEN TO YOUR BODY.

If something's going wrong, it'll tell you.

1. Change in bowel or bladder habits.
2. A sore that does not heal.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Thickening or lump in breast or elsewhere.
5. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Obvious change in wart or mole.
7. Nagging cough or hoarseness.

If you have a warning signal, see your doctor. If it's a false alarm, he'll tell you. If it isn't, you can give him time to help. Don't be afraid. It's what you don't know that can hurt you.

American Cancer Society

PROLOGUE: WHAT ROOM IS THIS... WHAT PLACE IS THIS? THE STENCH OF MUSTINESS AND DECAY HANGS HEAVY HERE... AS DOES THE AURA OF MADNESS! FOR HERE A MAN LOOKS WITH BLIND EYES AND SEES HIS SON LOCKED IN THE EMBRACE OF ONE WHO SHOULD BE DEAD... SEES HIS SON LOST TO THE STRANGE CHARMS OF THE GIRL CALLED...

VAMPIRELLA

ART BY JOSE GONZALEZ/STORY BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

YOU'VE ALREADY KILLED MY BROTHER... I WON'T LET YOU ROB ME OF MY SON!
I'LL DESTROY YOU FIRST!
DESTROY YOU...!
DAD!
DESTROY...
DAD!
DAD!
W-WHAT... WHERE...?
YOU'RE HOME, DAD...SAFE! YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING AGAIN...
YES. THE SAME DREAM... EVERY NIGHT SINCE WE RETURNED FROM OUT WEST... ALWAYS ABOUT YOU AND HER AND--
SHE'S STILL ALIVE, ISN'T SHE, ADAM? ISN'T SHE?

THE TRUTH JUST WON'T STAY HIDDEN FROM A MAN WITH ***PSYCHIC VISION...***

ADAM, YOU BROUGHT ME BACK HERE TO NEW ENGLAND, TO THE UNIVERSITY... ***DELIBERATELY*** LETTING ME THINK SHE'D BEEN KILLED ?!

DAD, I ***HAD*** TO! UNTIL I COULD ***TALK*** WITH YOU, MAKE YOU ***UNDERSTAND...***

SHE ***ISN'T*** A VAMPIRE... NOT AS ***WE*** KNOW THEM! NOT ONE OF THOSE FESTERING, EVIL THINGS VAN HELSINGS HAVE ALWAYS FOUGHT!

SHE COMES FROM ANOTHER ***WORLD!*** ONE WHERE THEY DEPEND ON ***BLOOD*** AS WE DO FOOD AND WATER! SHE COULDN'T ***HELP*** WHAT SHE DID HERE...

AND NOW SHE HAS A ***SERUM*** SHE TAKES DAILY... A BLOOD SUBSTITUTE! SHE'S NO LONGER A THREAT TO HUMANS, SHE WANTS TO ***AID*** THEM AGAINST THE FORCES OF ***CHAOS!***

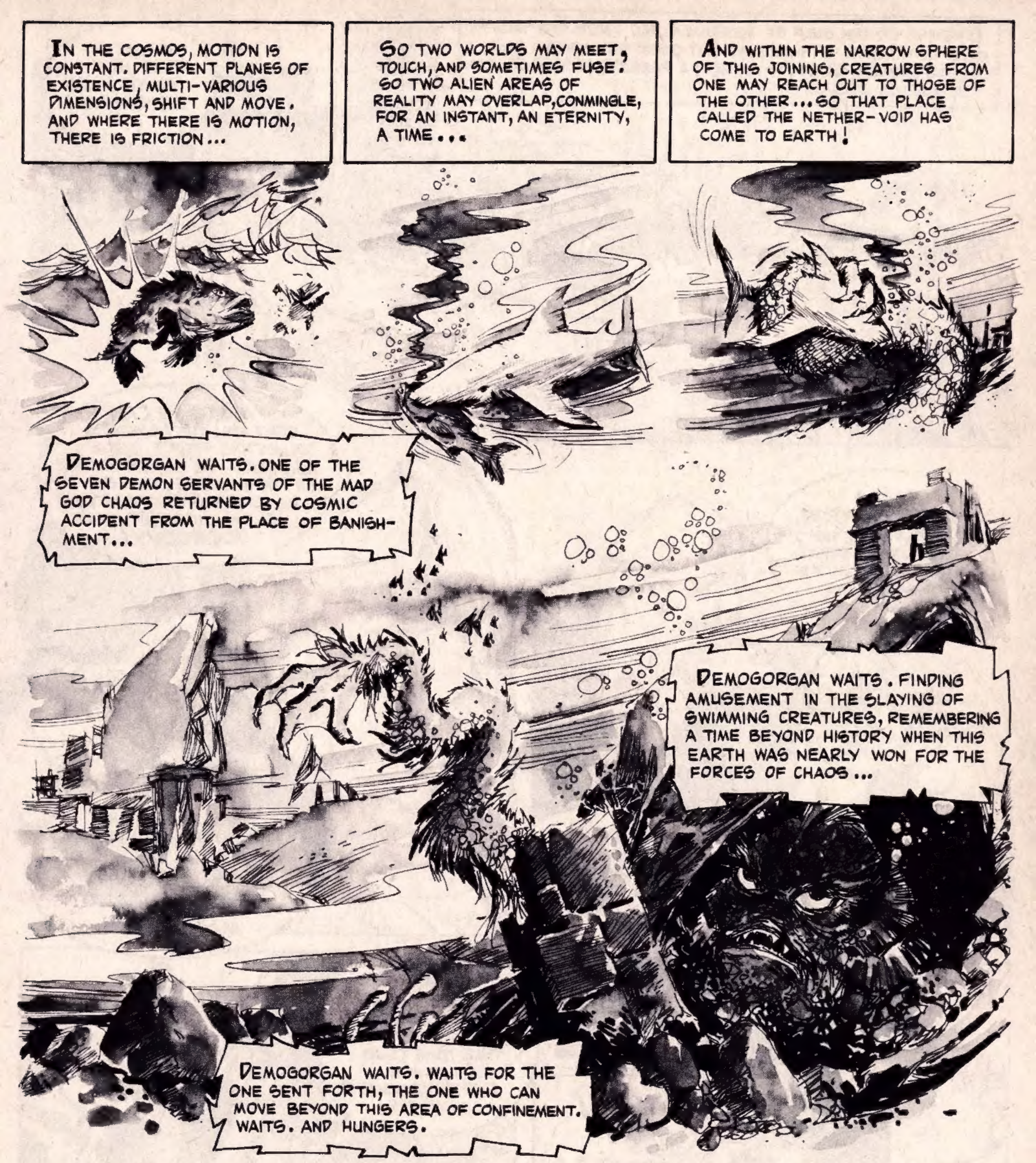
HOW MUCH AID WOULD SHE BE IF SHE ***MISSED*** TAKING THIS SERUM, ADAM?

WOULDN'T SHE BECOME JUST AS MUCH A BLOOD-LUSTING MONSTER AS ***ANY*** CREATURE WE'VE HUNTED? AS SHE ALMOST ***DID*** AT WADE'S HOUSE...* AS SHE ***WAS*** WHEN SHE KILLED YOUR ***UNCLE*** ?!

I ***BELIEVE*** IN HER, DAD! BUT OBVIOUSLY NONE OF MY REASONS FOR BELIEVING WILL MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU...

... LEAST OF ALL THAT I THINK I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HER!

* SEE ***VAMPIRELLA*** #12



THE LURKER IN THE DEEP!

EVENING ON THE GULF OF MEXICO. MUSIC FROM THE YACHT CLUB OF A TEXAS CITY DRIFTS OUT OVER THE WATER. A MOTOR LAUNCH CHUGS TO A HALT; A PASSENGER CLIMBS TO THE MARINA DOCK...

OH, WOW! WHO IS *THAT*? HE'S *BEAUTIFUL!*

THAT'S *JOHNNY TRITON*, THE PLAYBOY! HE OWNS THAT GREAT BIG YACHT OUT IN THE HARBOR!

HE'S *RICH*, TOO? I'D *SWIM MILES* TO MEET SOMEONE WHO LOOKED LIKE *THAT* EVEN IF HE ONLY OWNED A ROWBOAT!

MAYBE WE *CAN* MEET HIM! THEY SAY HE'S COLLECTING PEOPLE, FOR A *CRUISE*... HE SEES SOMEONE HE FINDS INTERESTING OR AMUSING AND JUST *INVITES* THEM! WOULDN'T THAT BE *GROOVY!*

WELL, HE CERTAINLY ISN'T LOOKING *OUR* WAY! WHY DOES HE WANT TO GO TO THE YACHT CLUB, *TONIGHT*? THEY STILL HAVE THAT DUMB *MAGIC* ACT!

THE GREAT PENDRAGON

LAST NIGHT!

THE GREAT! PENDRAGON!

AND INTRODUCING: VAMPIRELLA!

MY GAWD, I'VE SEEN BETTER'N THIS ON THE *TED MACK* SHOW! MEBBE IT'S TIME THIS CLUB GOT A NEW *ENTERTAINMENT* COMMITTEE!

NOW JUST YOU WAIT A MINUTE, RUDY...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR ***FINALE,*** MAY I PRESENT MY NEW ASSISTANT...

...THE LOVELY AND MYSTERIOUS... ***VAMPIRELLA!***

NOW ***THAT'S*** ENTERTAINMENT!

RUDY, OL' HOSS, WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT SHE ***DOES!***

WHAT D'YA SAY, RUDY? BETCHA NEVER SAW ANYTHIN' LIKE ***THAT*** ON TED MACK!

HELL, I FIGGERED SHE WAS GONNA ***DANCE!*** WHY, EVERYBODY KNOWS THEY DO THAT KINDA STUNT WITH ***MIRRORS...*** OR TRAPDOORS...OR SUM' THIN'...!

MOMENTS LATER, BACKSTAGE...

EXCUSE MY BACK, MY DEAR, BUT I FIND THE SIGHT OF ***REAL MAGIC*** BEING PERFORMED ***MOST*** UNSETTLING!

A CARRY-OVER FROM MY EXPERIENCE WITH ***ASMODEUS,*** I SUSPECT!*

* ***VAMPIRELLA*** # 11

YOU'RE AN **ANGEL** FOR TAKING ME IN, PENDRAGON! EVEN THOUGH ADAM VAN HELSING'S APPARENTLY PERSUADED HIS FATHER **NOT** TO PURSUE ME, BEING A **FUGITIVE** WAS GETTING HARDER AND HARDER...

BUT I OWE YOU MY **LIFE,** DEAR CHILD! BESIDES...YOU'VE DONE **WONDERS** FOR MY ACT! NOW, FORGIVE ME WHILE **I** DO SOME WONDERS FOR MY **OPENING NIGHT JITTERS...!**

PENDRAGON, IT'S **NOT** OPENING NIGHT...

A NIGGLING **DETAIL,** MY DEAR...THE WONDERS PERFORMED ARE IN NO WAY **LESSENED!**

UNFORTUNATELY, **NEITHER** ARE THE JITTERS! IT'S PROBABLY THAT DAMN **BOOK,** VAMPIRELLA... EVEN IN **OUR** HANDS, I DON'T LIKE IT!

I'VE VOWED TO BATTLE THE CULT OF CHAOS...AND POSSESSING THE **CRIMSON CHRONICLES** IS ESSENTIAL TO DO THAT!

THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN SPELLS AND INCANTATIONS... IT'S A **LINK** TO THE CULT... ALMOST SEEMS TO HAVE AN **AURA** THAT **ATTRACTS** THOSE WHO WORSHIP CHAOS!

THAT CHARACTERISTIC SOMEHOW FAILS TO **CHEER** ME...BUT THEN WE PENDRAGONS HAVE NEVER BEEN FAMOUS FOR OUR **COURAGE!** OR ANYTHING **ELSE** FOR THAT MATTER!

YOU'LL SURELY BE REMEMBERED AS THE FIRST PERSON TO HIRE AN **EXTRATERRESTRIAL** AS AN ASSISTANT!

WHICH NO DOUBT PUTS ME IN TROUBLE WITH **MAGICIANS LOCAL #389!**

BUT FIRST WE MUST FACE A MUCH LESS **ESOTERIC** AND FAR MORE **FREQUENT** PROBLEM IN YOUR NEWLY CHOSEN TRADE, MY DEAR... **UNEMPLOYMENT!**

PERHAPS **I** CAN BE OF HELP!

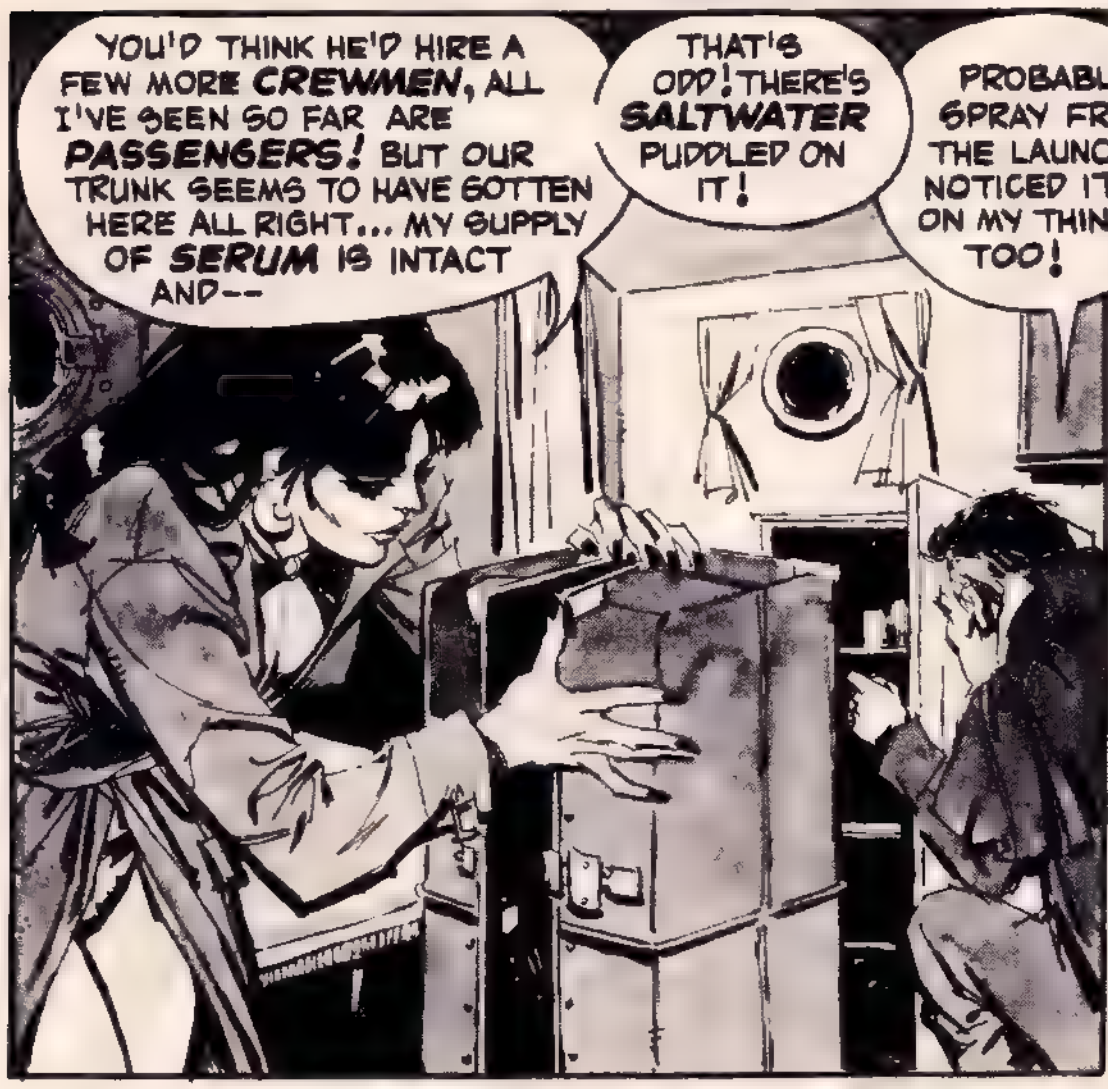
I NEED SHIPBOARD ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE **CRUISE** I'M PLANNING. THE NAME IS **JOHNNY TRITON!**

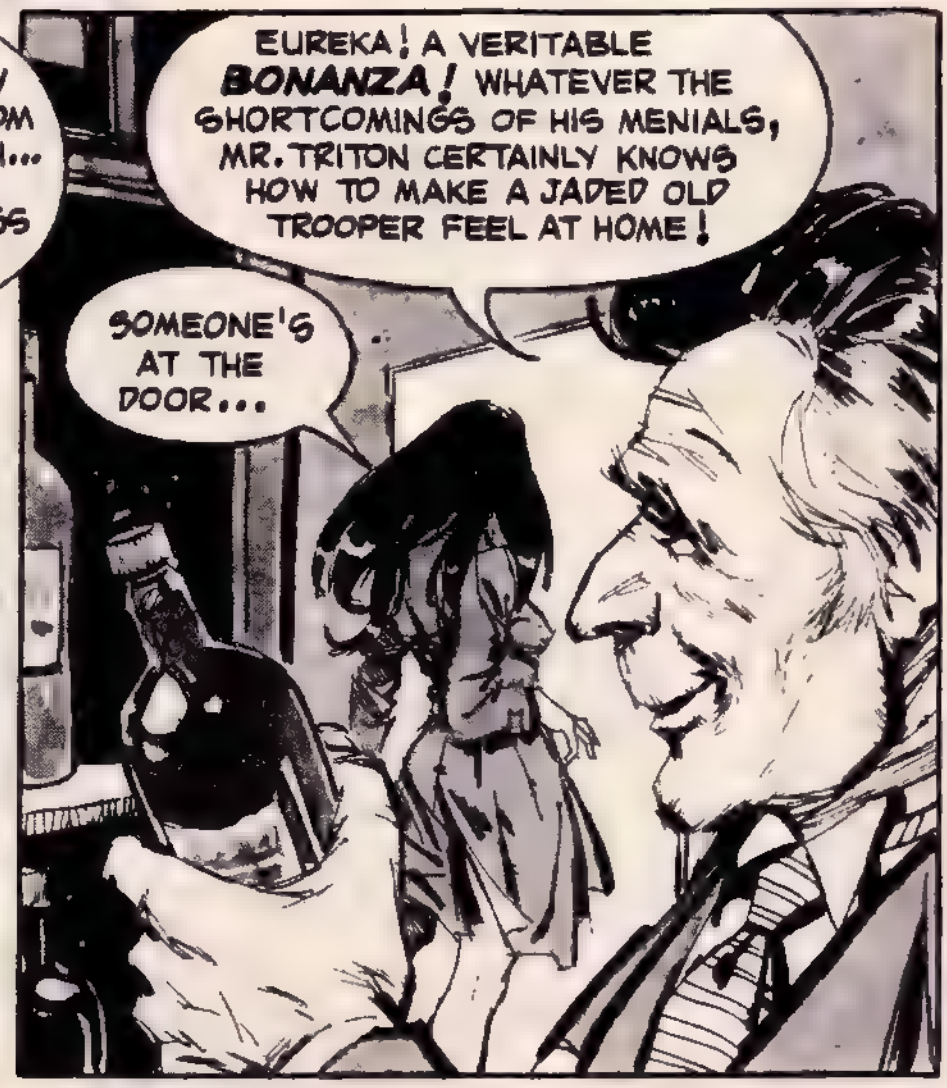
AND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

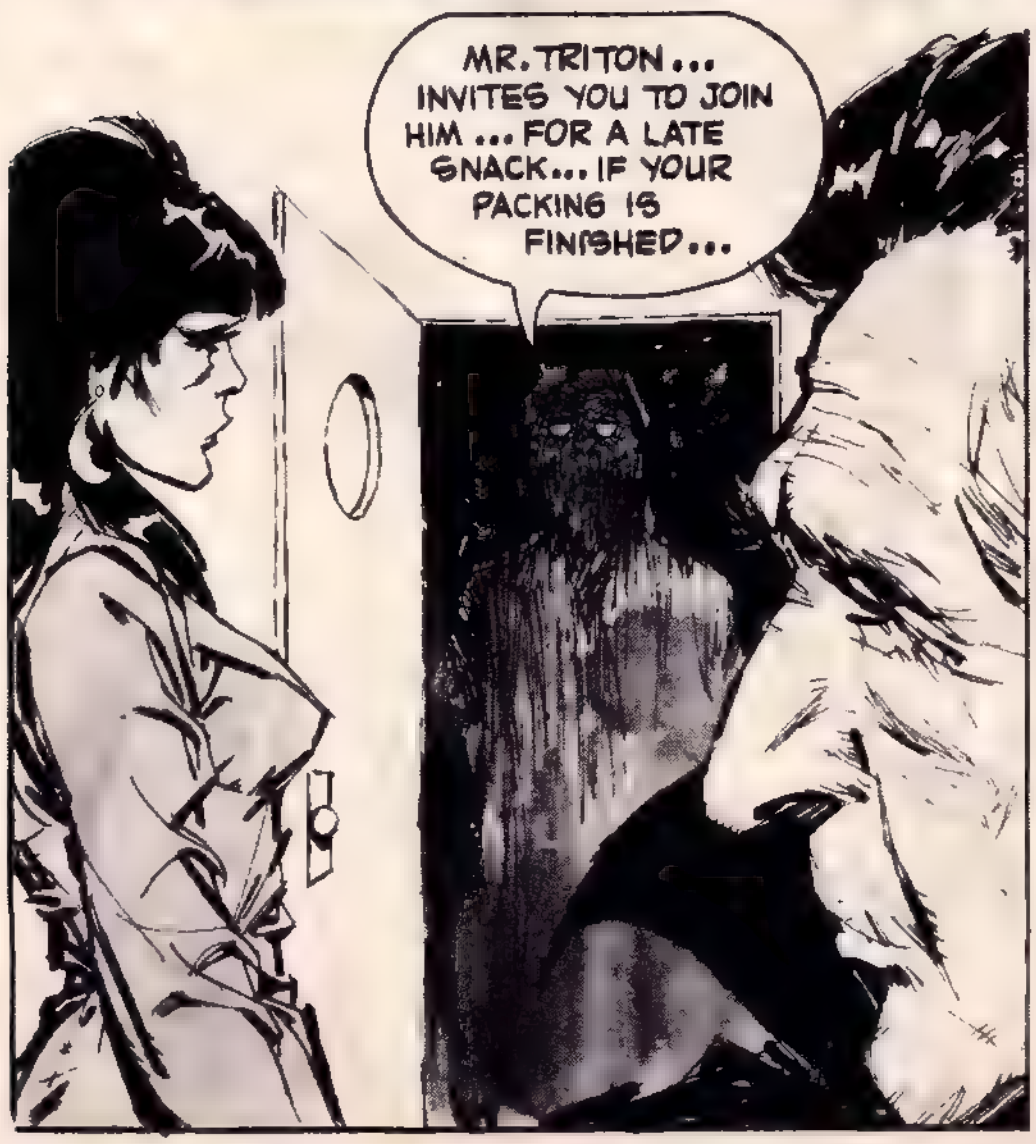
ISN'T *MIDNIGHT* RATHER AN ODD HOUR FOR SAILING, PENDRAGON...? JOHNNY TRITON SEEMS AS *ECCENTRIC* AS HE IS ATTRACTIVE!

FRANKLY, MY DEAR, I HAVE A SPECTACULAR *DISTRUST* OF SHIPS NO MATTER *WHEN* THEY SAIL... GOES HAND IN HAND WITH MY INABILITY TO *SWIM!*

HOWEVER, I FIND THE *MONEY* OFFERED BY MR. T. AS IMPRESSIVE AS THE CUT OF HIS FEATURES!







IN THE WINE-DARK OCEAN DEPTHS, DEMOGORGAN GROWS RESTLESS, EVEN ANXIOUS, FOR THE RETURN OF THE ONE SENT FORTH. SWIMMING THINGS NOW AVOID THESE WATERS. THERE IS ONLY THE STILLNESS. AND THE WAITING. SOON... SOON...

THE SECOND SUNSET FALLS ON JOHNNY TRITON'S YACHT IN ITS JOURNEY... VOICES AND LAUGHTER OF HIS GUESTS CARRY OUT ONTO THE CALM WATERS...

SO FAR IT'S BEEN ***FABULOUS!*** BUT YOU'D THINK TRITON WOULD CRACK DOWN ON HIS ***CREW...*** THEY BARELY MAKE AN APPEARANCE ALL DAY!

I FEAR THERE'S ONLY ***ONE*** THING OUR HANDSOME HOST NOTICES...THE ***LADY MAGICIAN!***

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, VAMPIRELLA... ALL I'VE EVER WANTED!

I KNEW IT FROM THE MOMENT YOU FIRST STEPPED INTO THE SPOTLIGHT THERE AT THE YACHT CLUB...

WHY ***ME,*** JOHNNY...?

JUST A GLANCE WOULD BRING YOU ***ANY*** OF THOSE WOMEN, ALL EQUALLY LOVELY... WHY ME IN ***PARTICULAR?***

SURE, I COULD HAVE ANY OF THEM ON THIS SHIP... PROBABLY IN THE ***WORLD!*** BUT YOU AND I HAVE ONE IMPORTANT THING IN COMMON MOST OF THEM WILL ***NEVER*** HAVE...

THE ***MARK OF CHAOS!***

OF COURSE! ARE YOU ***REALLY*** SURPRISED? SURELY YOU MUST HAVE ***SENSED*** IT ABOUT ME...

WITH AN URGENT MOVEMENT, TRITON TUGS VAMPIRELLA TOWARD HIS CABIN...

...I FELT IT ABOUT, ***YOU*** VAMPIRELLA! THE STRANGENESS, THE APARTNESS, THE ***SUPERIORITY*** THAT SETS YOU ABOVE ORDINARY PEOPLE!

OF COURSE I DIDN'T WANT TO ***SAY*** ANYTHING UNTIL I HAD ***PROOF!*** THEN ONE OF MY CREWMEN FOUND ***THIS*** AMONG YOUR THINGS ... YOU'RE ***ONE*** OF US DARLING!

...A ***COMPANION*** OF CHAOS! JUST AS ***I'VE*** BEEN SINCE THAT DAY ***YEARS*** AGO... THE DAY THE ***TANKER*** EXPLODED! THE TANKER I SERVED UPON AS A LOWLY SEAMAN...

I SURVIVED... ONLY TO FACE CERTAIN DEATH FROM THE SUN AND SEA, DRIFTING HOPELESSLY, DELIRIOUSLY. LIKE ALL DYING MEN, I PRAYED... PRAYED TO A HALF-REMEMBERED NAME I'D HEARD FROM SAILORS OLD AND WISE IN LORE FEARFULLY FORGOTTEN BY MOST MEN!

AND ***SOMETHING*** HEAVED UP OUT OF THE DEPTHS, SOMETHING SMELLING OF SEA AND SLIME... A MONSTROUS SHADOW BEFORE MY SUN-BLINDED EYES! FOR A LONG TIME IT ***STARED***, AS THOUGH STUDYING EVERY PORE, EVERY ***FEATURE*** ABOUT ME...

GREAT ***DEMOGORGAN,*** DESTROYER FROM THE DEPTHS! ***SAVE ME***... SAVE ME AND I SHALL ***SERVE*** YOU... SERVE YOU...

DEMOGORGAN...! DEMOGORGAN...!

DEMOGORGAN ***HEARD*** ME... SAVED ME... AND GAVE ME EVERYTHING, VAMPIRELLA! A SHIP'S STOKER WHO'D NEVER HAD ANYTHING BUT A FACE WOMEN LIKED... ***EVERYTHING!***

EVERYTHING BUT SOMEONE LIKE ***YOU!*** AND ***NOW*** I'VE EVEN GOT THA-

BUT WHAT DID IT ***COST,*** JOHNNY? DEALING WITH CHAOS THERE'S ***ALWAYS*** A COST!

OF COURSE! THESE ***CRUISES!*** DEMOGORGAN HAS NEEDS... ***HUNGERS***... I FULFILL THEM WITH THESE CRUISES! BUT DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE ***SAFE*** WITH ME! JUST STAY HERE IN THE CABIN... DON'T GO OUT ON DECK...

PENDRAGON!

COME BACK! VAMPIRELLA, COME BACK HERE! YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING!
PENDRAGON! PENDRAGON!

BUT VAMPIRELLA'S CRIES DO NOT REACH THE MAIN DECK... AND IF THEY DID, WOULD ONLY BE LOST IN THE TERRIBLE STILLNESS THAT HAS SETTLED THERE!

THE WAITING IS ENDED. DEMOGORGAN HAS COME TO THE SHIP OF JOHNNY TRITON...

...COME TO FEED!

PENDRAGON!

NOW VAMPIRELLA MOVES WITH REFLEXES HONED ON A PLANET BEYOND THE STARS WE KNOW...

... MOVES WITH STRENGTH AND PURPOSE BRED ON HER DOOMED AND DISTANT HOME CALLED DRAKULON!

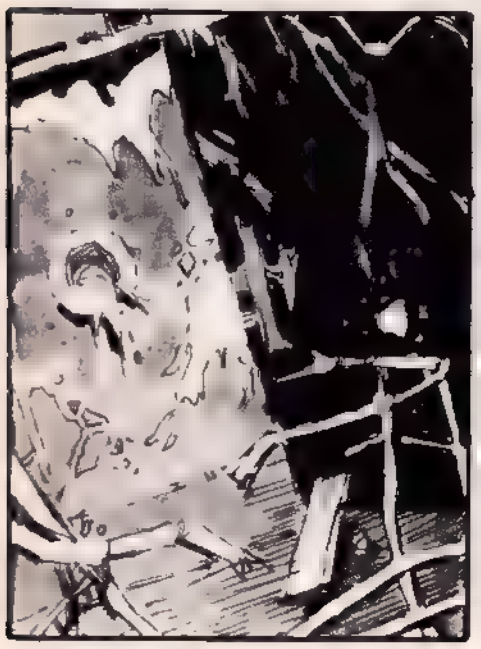
NO! NO! STOP! THIS HAS GOT TO STOP!

IT'S ALL A MISTAKE... A MISUNDERSTANDING! ALL THE OTHERS ARE FOR YOU... ALL OF THEM! AS WE AGREED! BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THIS GIRL...

... SHE'S FOR ME! I WANT HER! LOVE HER!

FOR AN INSTANT, THERE IS NO SOUND, NO MOVEMENT. THEN A STRANGE WAIL, STARTING LOW AND RISING TO A HAUNTING, HOWLING PITCH, ECHOS OUT OVER THE OCEAN VASTNESS... A WAIL FROM THE MONSTROUS THING THAT IS DEMOGORGAN!

NOW THE SHIP OF JOHNNY TRITON SEEMS TO MELT AND DIE. PAINT CRACKS AND GIVES WAY BEFORE RIVULETS OF RUST AND CORROSION. RAILINGS BUCKLE AND REND. BULKHEADS BURST FROM THEIR OWN ROTTENESS, AND THE DEVOURING SEA POURS IN...



AND AS THE GREAT SHIP CRUMPLES, WHITHERS AND DRAWS INTO ITSELF, A BALLOON PUNCTURED AND COLLAPSING, SO AT LAST ARE THE FLEETINGLY GLIMPSED CREW FINALLY AND FULLY SEEN...

MAN AND MACHINE RETURNING TO THEIR ***ORIGINS...!***

THE ***SHIP!*** NOTHING BUT THE RUSTED, ROTTED-OUT HULK OF... OF AN OLD ***TANKER...!***

THE CREW WERE ***SKELETONS... CORPSES...*** DREDGED UP FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR...! ***DEMOGORGAN'S MAGIC!***

NOW IT'S ALL BEING TAKEN ***BACK! EVERYTHING*** GIVEN ME...! BUT ***WHY? WHY?!*** I DID ALL I WAS ***SUPPOSED*** TO...!

AND VAMPIRELLA KNOWS TRITON'S STUMBLING WORDS, HIS PLEADING VOICE, ARE DIRECTED NOT TO HER... BUT THE AWESOME THING WHICH NOW ***SEIZES*** HIM!

WHY SHOULD ***ONE GIRL*** MAKE A DIFFERENCE? ***WHAT*** DID I DO WRONG? ***WHAT DID I DO WRONG?!***

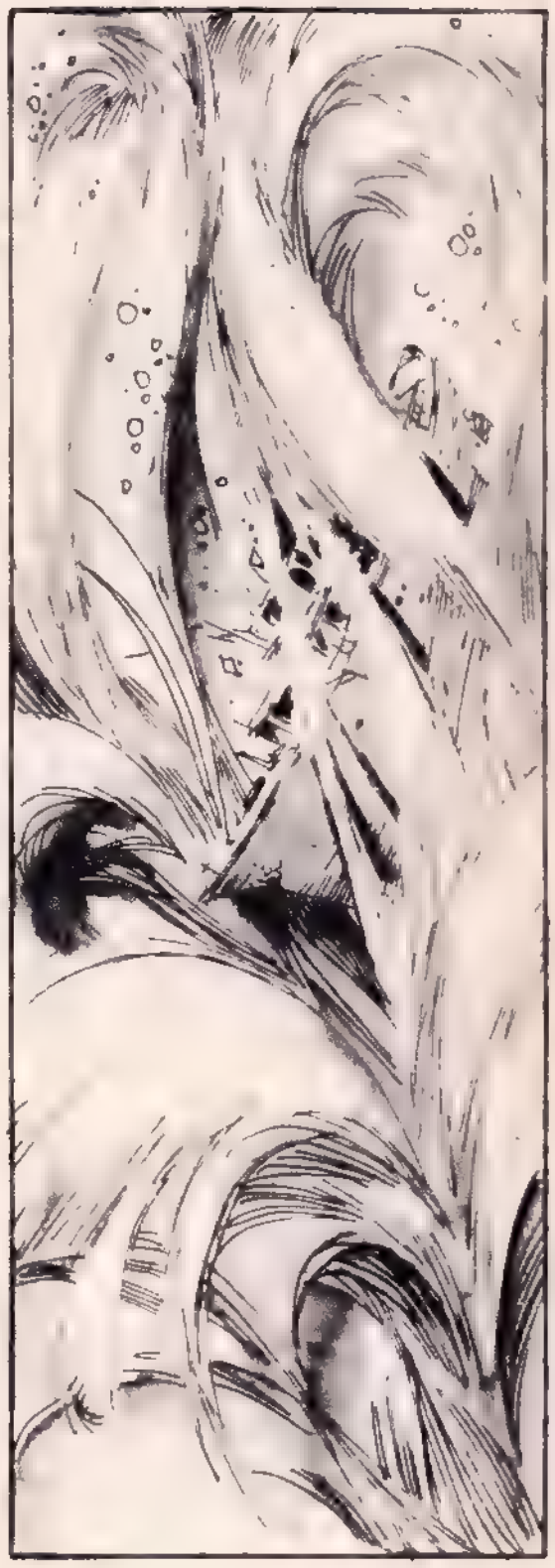
AAAAAAAA AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

IN THE DARK, RUSHING OCEAN WATERS, THERE IS NO ONE TO ***ANSWER*** JOHNNY TRITON! NO ONE TO SUGGEST WHY ONE LOST, UNCOMMONLY ***HANDSOME*** SAILOR SHOULD ***ALONE*** HAVE RECEIVED SUCH FAVORS...

NO ONE TO POINT OUT THAT EVEN MIGHTY, AWESOME DEMONS ARE STILL EITHER MALE OR ***FEMALE***...

...AND THAT DEMOGORGAN IS A ***FAITHFUL***, BUT EXTREMELY ***JEALOUS MISTRESS!***

AND IN THE WAKE OF CHAOS' SERVANT AND HER ILL-CHOSEN LOVER, ALL ELSE FOLLOWS...



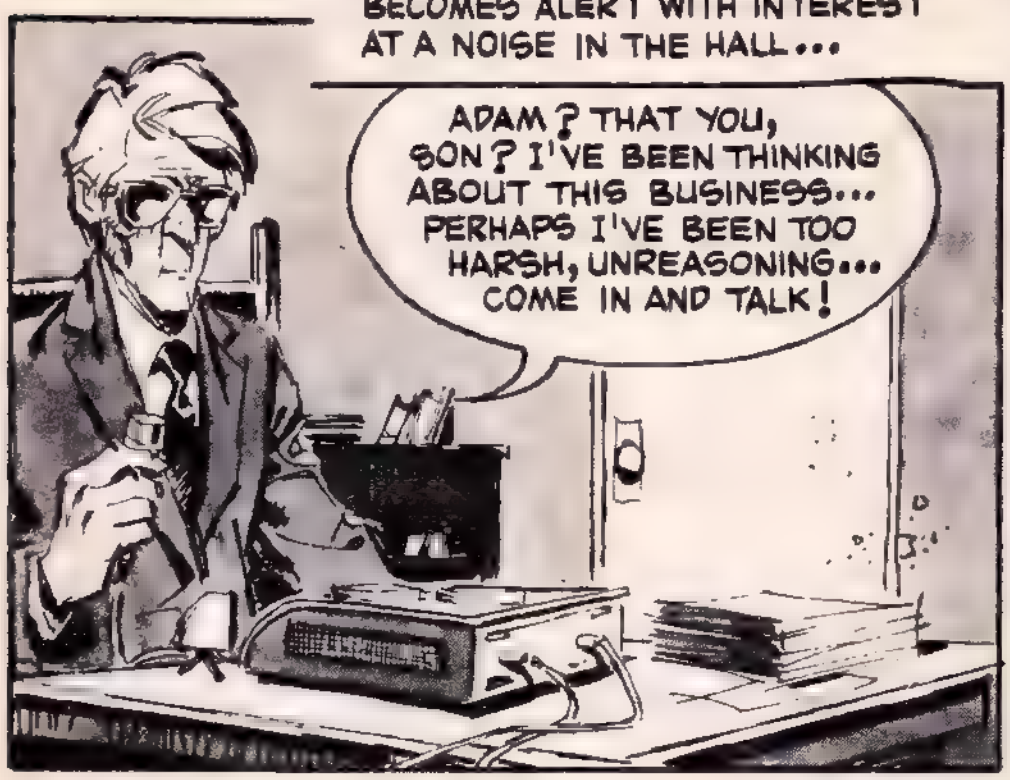
...EXCEPT ***TWO!***

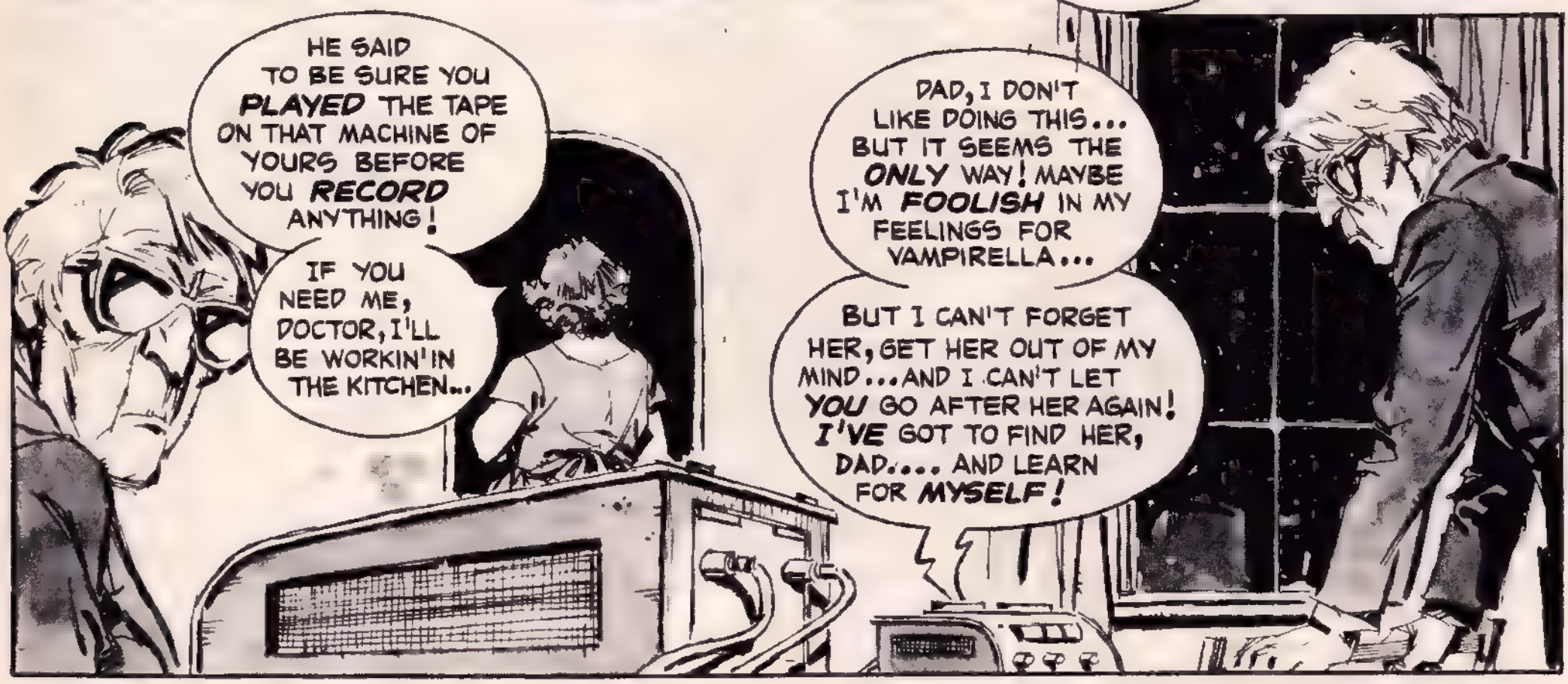
PENDRAGON! THIS ***RAFT***...! WHERE DID YOU--?

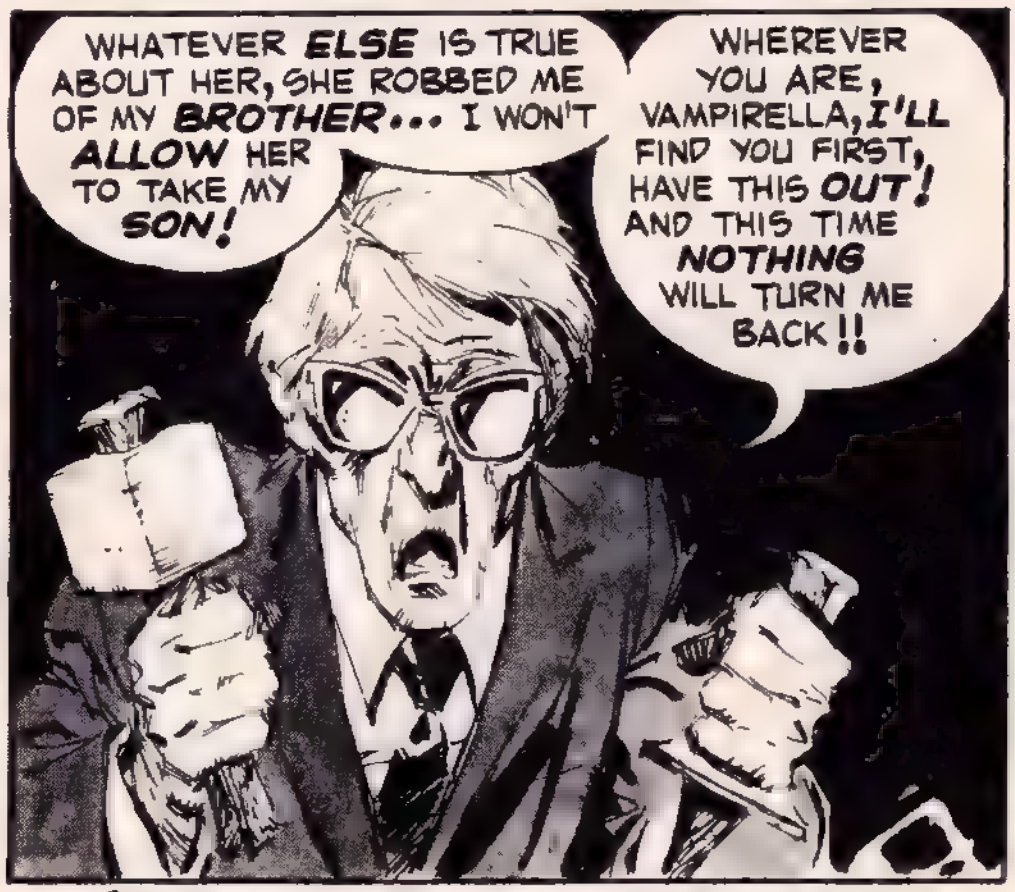
ANY GOOD MAGICIAN TRIES TO HAVE AT LEAST ***ONE*** TRICK TO SUIT THE OCCASION, MY DEAR...

...AND, AS YOU MAY RECALL, I ***DISTRUST*** SHIPS!

EPILOGUE: IN HIS STUDY AT NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSITY, CONRAD VAN HELSING BROODS OVER HIS WORK, THEN BECOMES ALERT WITH INTEREST AT A NOISE IN THE HALL...







NOW BEGINS AN ANGRY RACE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON... A RACE WITH PERHAPS THE STRANGEST PRIZE OF ALL ... THE LIFE OF THE GIRL FROM DRAKULON!

THE END...

MIDNIGHT SINKS ITS BRIMSTONE PALL OVER THE *BLACK SWAMP*... FROM WITHIN THE FETID REACHES, THERE COME *SOUNDS*—THE ANCIENT RUMBLING OF THE *BOG* SHIFTING AND TWISTING, CURDLING ITS BRACKISH *WATERS* INTO POOLS OF GREASY *SLIME!* WHAT LURKS HERE? WHAT TURNS FROM THE LIGHT OF *MORN* TO FIND SOLACE IN THIS DARKEST *PIT?* WHAT PEERS OUT...

UNNH— MAW— YOU THINK WE SHOULDA *COME* TONIGHT?

BLURP!

BURRLLLLP!

BLUP!

FROM DEATH'S DARK CORNER!

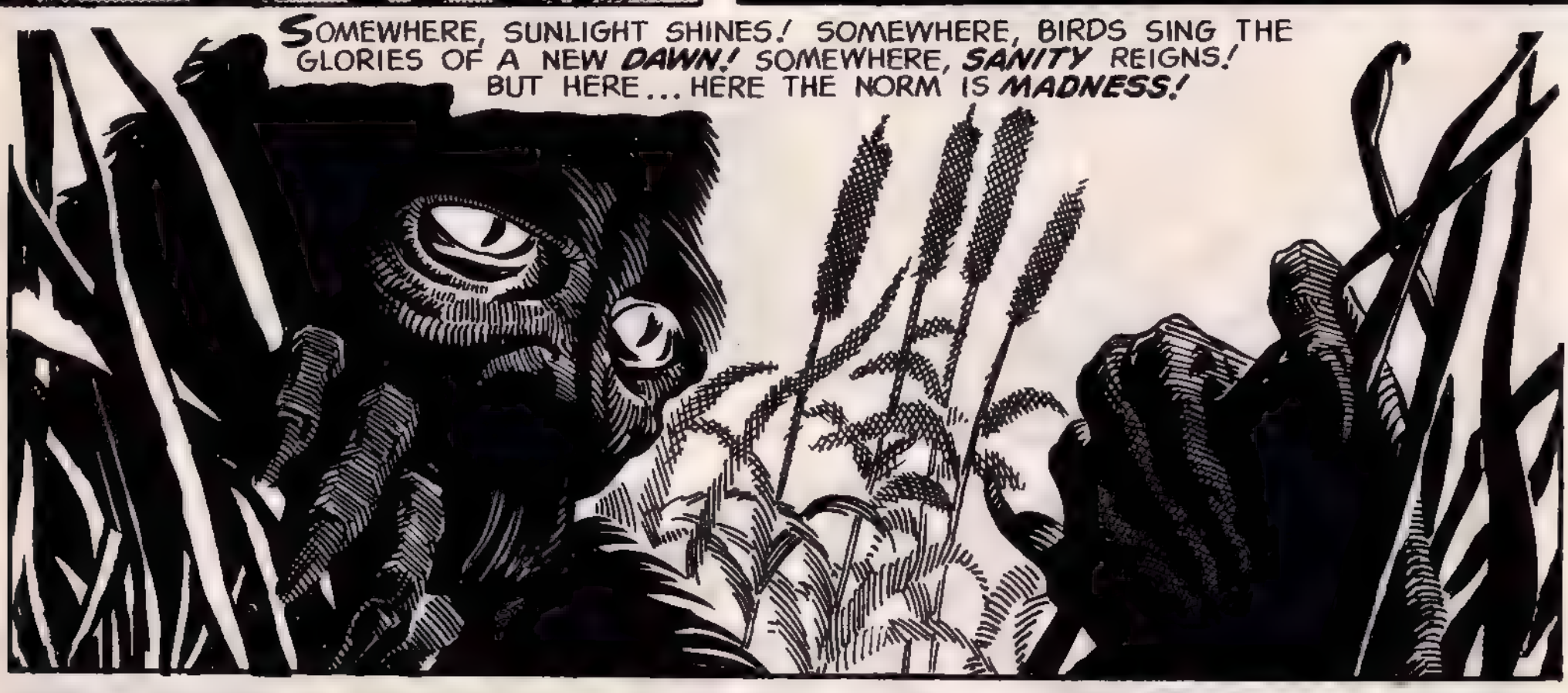
QUIET, YOU BLITHERING *FOOL!* THERE MUST EVER BE *SILENCE* WHEN APPROACHING YON *SWAMP!*

UNNH— SORRY, MAW, SORRY. I— UNNH— I JUST KEEP THINKIN' BOUT THE *KILLIN'S*... EVERYBODY IN TOWN'S TALKIN' BOUT THE KILLIN'S— UNNH— THIS SURE IS GETTIN' *HEAVY,* MAW! AWRE WE AWLMOST *THERE?*

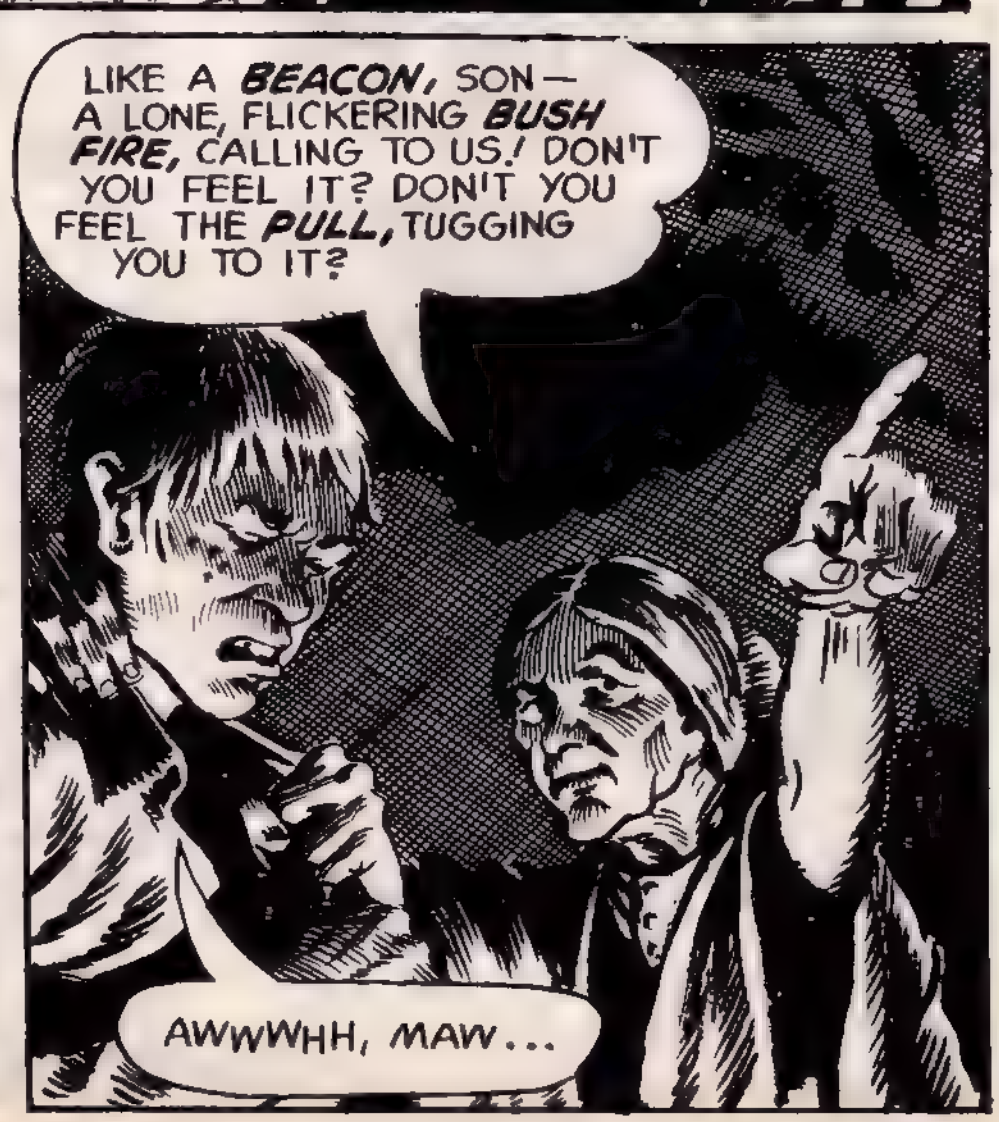
ART BY STEVE HICKMAN/STORY BY GERARD CONWAY

ONLY A BIT MORE, DENIVEIR— JUST A BIT MORE! THERE'S NO RUSH, NOW, IS THERE, SONNY?
AWWH, MAW. I WUZ JUS WONDERIN' IS ALL. SORRY, MAW.

...AND IN THE SHADOW...
SORRY, MAW. SORRY, MAW. IS THAT ALL YEW KIN EVER SAY? HONESTLY, BOY— SOMETIMES YEW MAKE ME ASHAMED I EVER BORE YEW! WHAT WOULD YOUR FATHER SAY, IF HE WERE ALIVE?
AUUNH, SORRY, MAW.

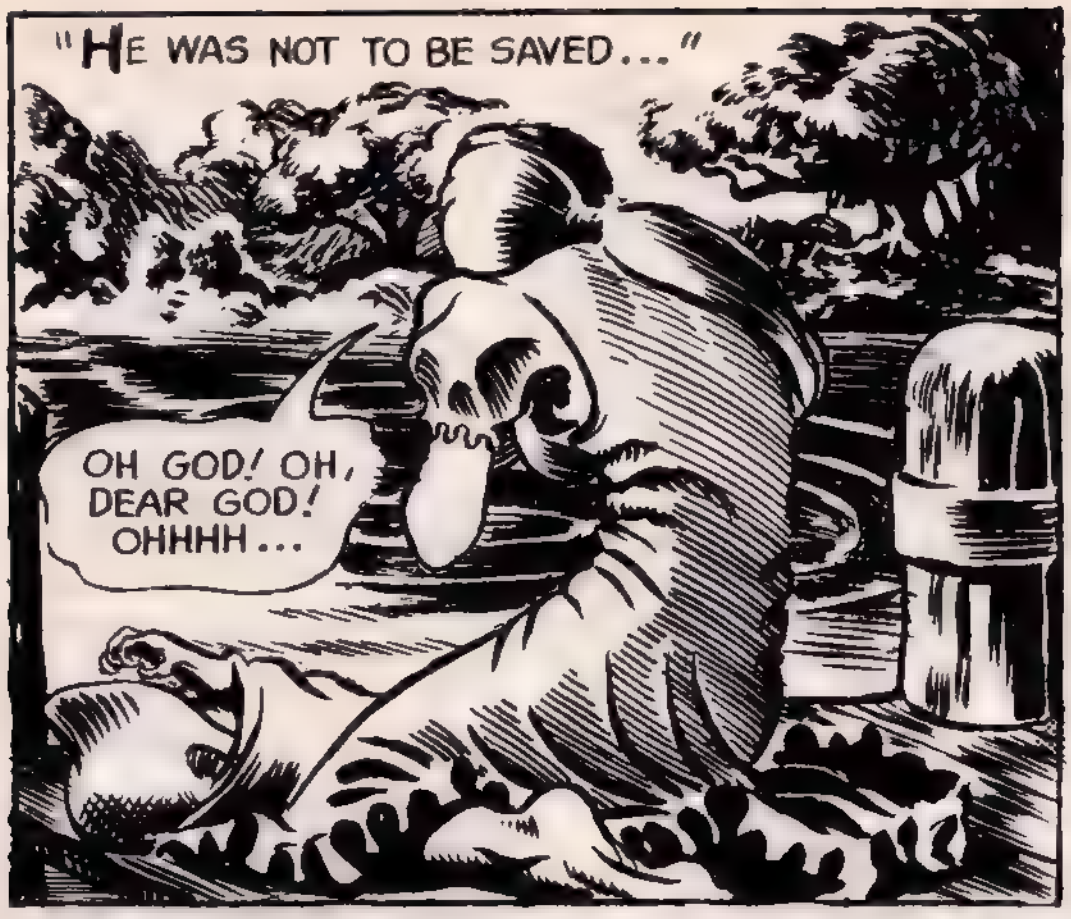

SOMEWHERE, SUNLIGHT SHINES! SOMEWHERE, BIRDS SING THE GLORIES OF A NEW DAWN! SOMEWHERE, SANITY REIGNS! BUT HERE... HERE THE NORM IS MADNESS!

THERE! THERE— DO YOU SEE IT, BOY? DO YOU SEE THE LIGHT?
I CAN'T SEE NUTHIN', MAW! JUS COLD AND DARK!


LIKE A BEACON, SON— A LONE, FLICKERING BUSH FIRE, CALLING TO US! DON'T YOU FEEL IT? DON'T YOU FEEL THE PULL, TUGGING YOU TO IT?
AWWWHH, MAW...

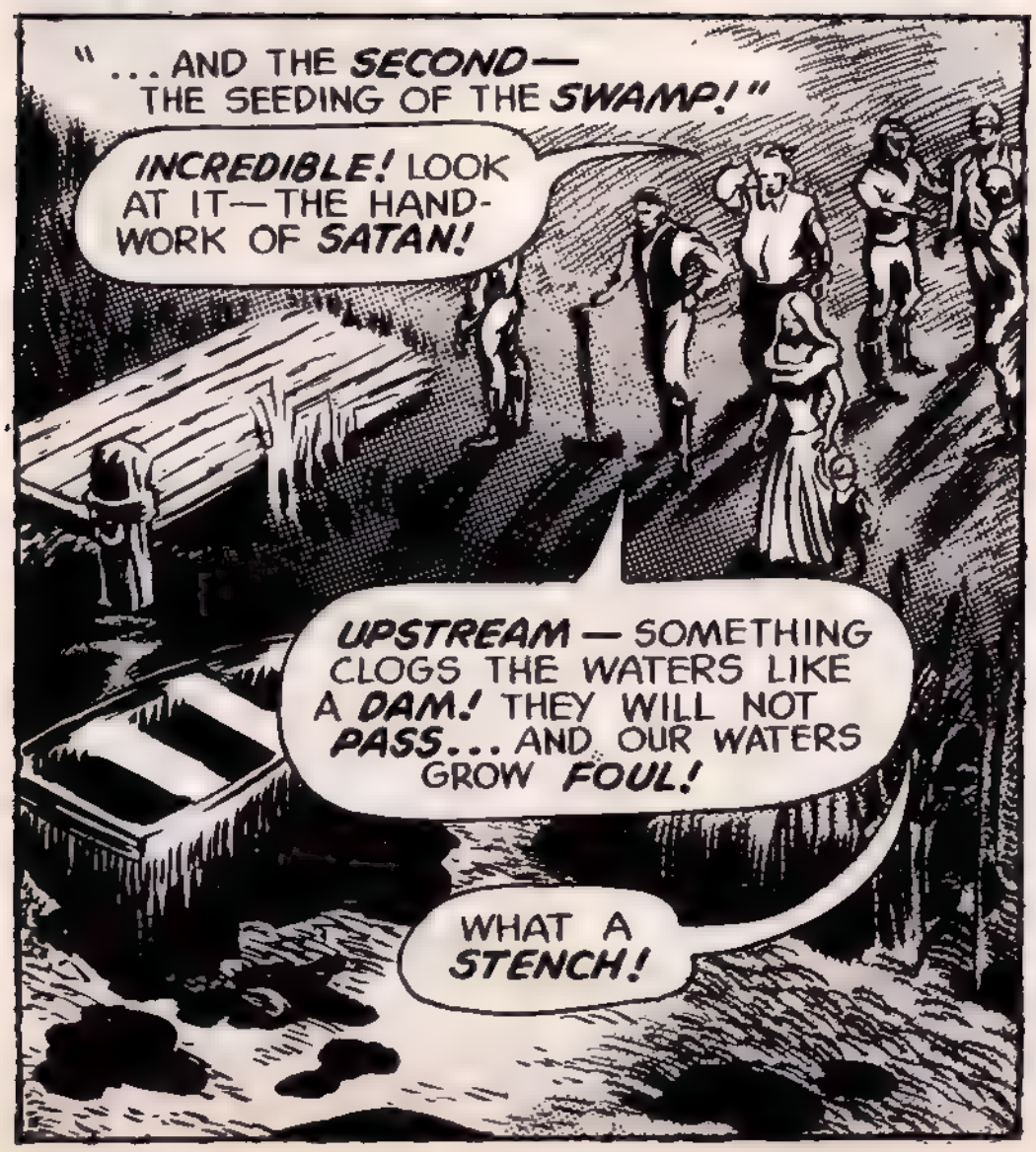
YOU'RE SO UNLIKE YOUR FATHER, SON -- SO VERY UNLIKE HIM! HE WAS STRONG, LIKE YOU — BUT THERE WAS MORE TO HIS STRENGTH! THERE WAS A QUALITY TO HIM! BUT— YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT, CAN YOU?
YOU JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND...
"I WAS A YOUNG GIRL WHEN I FIRST MET YOUR FATHER! HE WAS A STRANGER IN OUR VILLAGE!...BUT WHEN I SAW HIM, IT WAS AS THOUGH I'D KNOWN HIM ALL MY LIFE...
...DARK! MOTHER WILL HAVE MY HEAD— AND WITH GOOD REASON! I MUST HURRY!
EXCUSE ME, YOUNG WOMAN, I DIDN'T... SEE YOU...
OH!
"... HIS EYES WERE ALL BRIGHT AND BURNING... EYES THAT HAD SEEN EVERYTHING...
I'D ALMOST GIVEN THIS VILLAGE UP... BUT IT SEEMS THERE ARE SOME REDEEMING QUALITIES ABOUT IT AFTER ALL! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
ELLUVIA...

"... AND WHEN HE TOUCHED ME... A THOUSAND EELS SQUIRMED BENEATH MY SKIN ..."
ELLUVIA—A FAIR NAME FOR A FAIR FACE. YOU MAY CALL ME GARN. I WAS BUT PASSING THROUGH...
...BUT NOW, I SEE THAT I MAY YET STAY AWHILE..
"... IT WAS A COURTSHIP SEEMINGLY SANCTIONED BY THE DEVIL! MY HEART WAS TORN FROM ME, CAST AWAY INTO THE FARTHEST REACHES OF HELL BY YOUR FATHER'S CHARMS..."
I... I NEVER FELT THIS WAY BEFORE, GARN! IT'S AS THOUGH MY SOUL WERE CLASPED IN A STEEL VISE!
THEY SAY THE GODS KNOW LOVE, MY DARLING— WHAT THEY FEEL CAN BE NO BETTER THAN THIS!
"... WITHIN A MONTH, WE WERE WED..."
"... WITHIN THE YEAR, I HAD MY FIRST AND ONLY CHILD..."
"... AND IN THAT SAME YEAR, YOUR FATHER DIED!"
CRRRACK!
GARN!

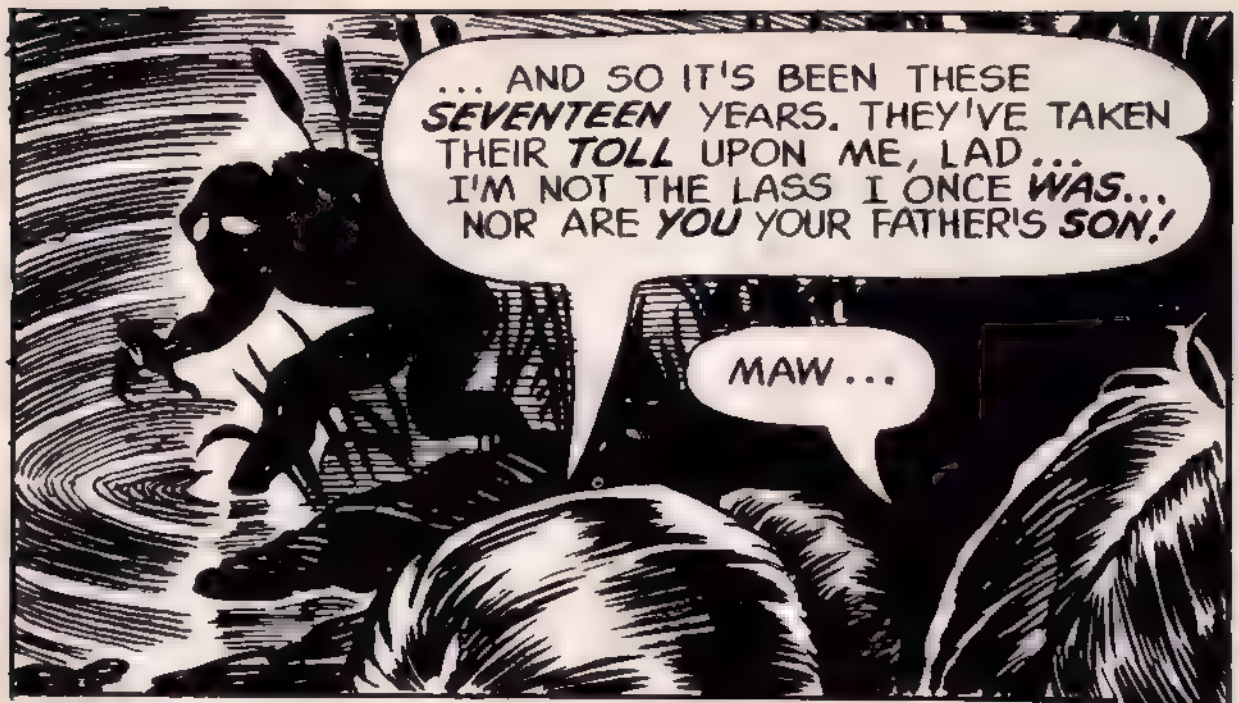

"HE WAS NOT TO BE SAVED..."
OH GOD! OH, DEAR GOD! OHHHH...

"PERHAPS IT WAS MY WIDOW'S IMAGINATION, BUT STRANGE THINGS HAPPENED THAT YEAR! FOR ONE, THE KIDNAPPING...
MY CHILD! SWEET HEAVENS—MY BABY! OHHHHHHH!

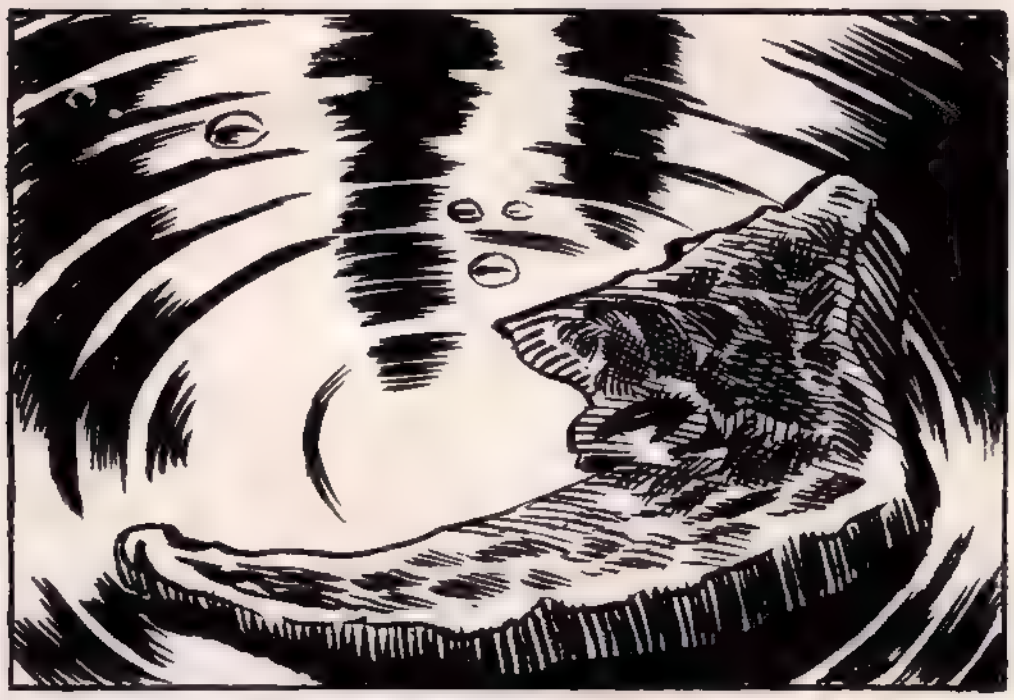
WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'S WRONG, DENNIA?
MY- MY CHILD- OH, GODS! IT'S BEEN STOLEN! TAKEN FROM MY VERY ARMS THIS— THIS PAST NIGHT! OOOH! —OHHHH—
HOLD HER—QUICKLY, GET HER SOME WINE!
"THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE SEARCHED... BUT THE LOST CHILD WAS NEVER FOUND!"


"...AND THE SECOND— THE SEEDING OF THE SWAMP!"
INCREDIBLE! LOOK AT IT—THE HAND-WORK OF SATAN!
UPSTREAM—SOMETHING CLOGS THE WATERS LIKE A DAM! THEY WILL NOT PASS... AND OUR WATERS GROW FOUL!
WHAT A STENCH!

"SUMMER PASSED INTO FALL...FALL INTO WINTER... WINTER BECAME SPRING... AND WITH THE THAW..."
LOOK WELL, LAD! IT WAS HERE THAT YOUR FATHER MET HIS DOOM!

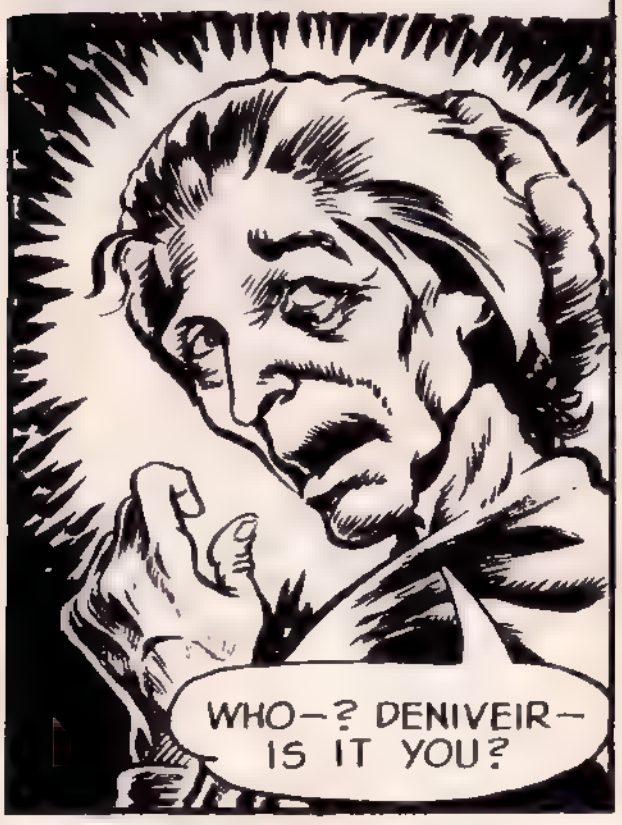


WIND, A LOW, EERIE WIND, SCREAMS NEAR— SILENTLY THROUGH THE DRAB GREEN WILLOWS, WHISPERING A SONG OF MOURNED DEATH!



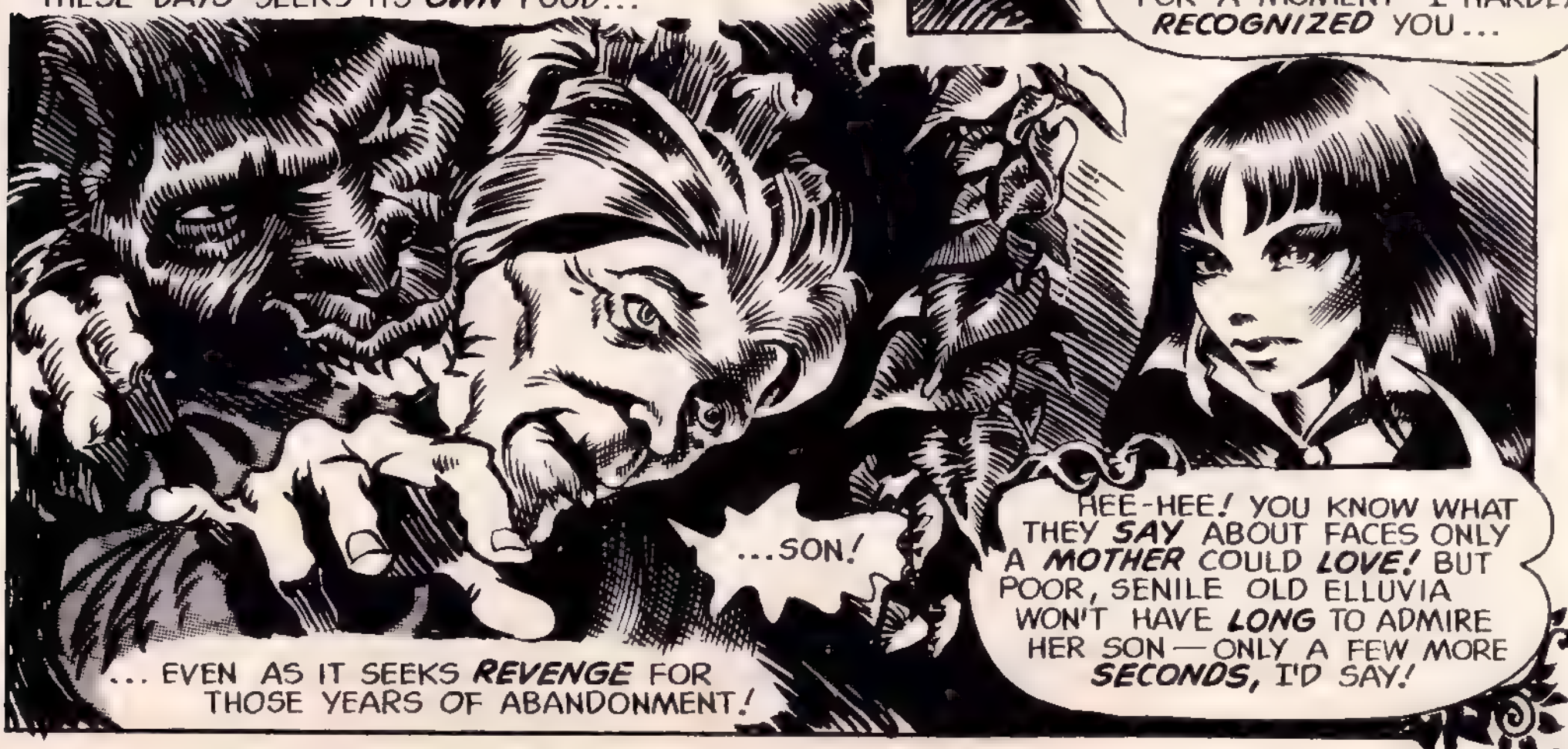
...GARN? GARN?
IS IT YOU? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
GARN?

MADNESS COMES IN MANY FORMS. TO SOME, IN A BOLT OF INSANITY— TO OTHERS, IN THE ELIXIR OF FORGETFULNESS. MANY YEARS, ELLUVIA...
UNCH!
MAW— UNNNNH!


...MANY YEARS, TO WIPE THE PAIN FROM YOUR MIND, FORGETFULNESS OF THAT DAY YOU GAVE BIRTH TO GARN'S CHILD...
WHO—? DENIVEIR— IS IT YOU?

...FORGETFULNESS OF THE HORROR YOU FELT WHEN YOU SAW THE MONSTER THAT WAS YOUR SON...
S-SON?

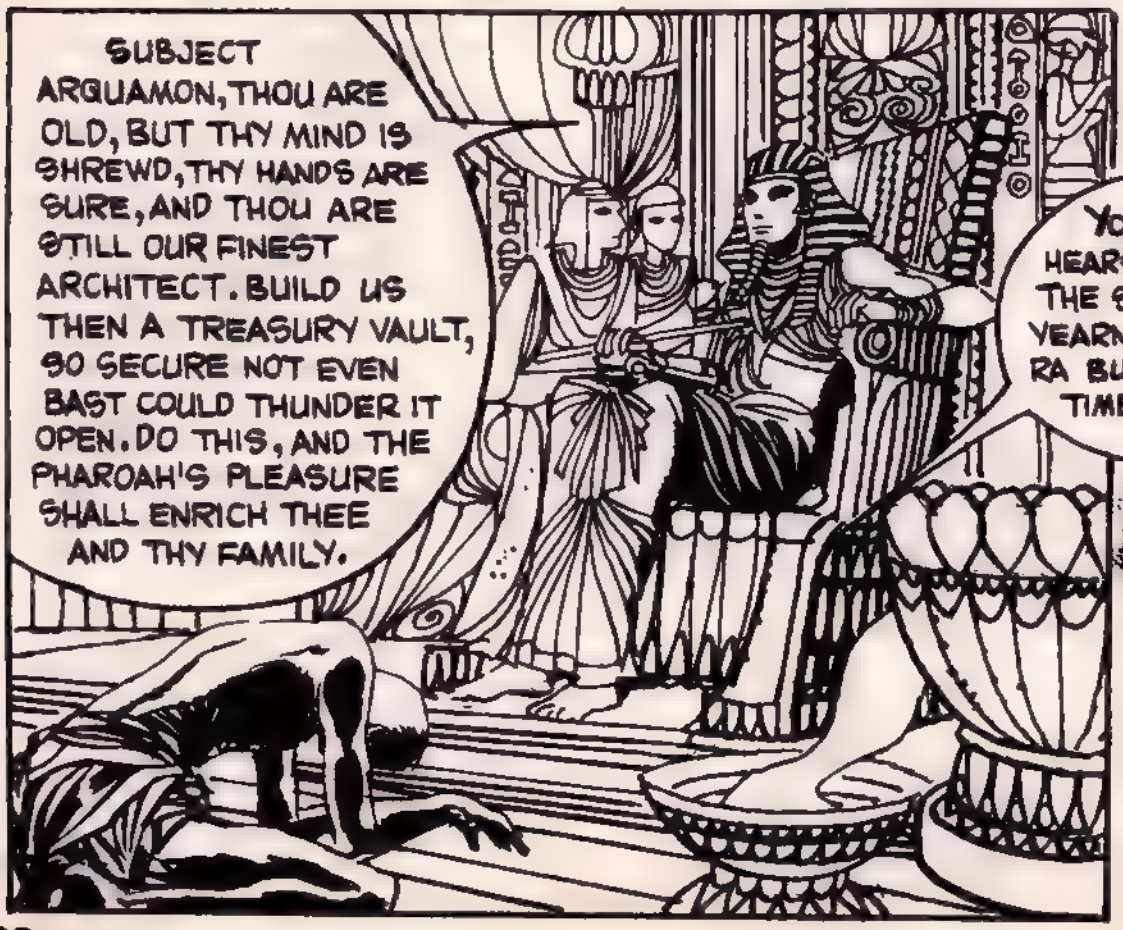
...FORGETFULNESS OF THE MURDER OF YOUR HUSBAND IN VENGEANCE FOR THE BEAST HE FORCED UPON YOU, OF THE KIDNAPPING...OF THE ABANDONING OF YOUR TRUE CHILD TO THE WILDS OF THE SWAMP...
YOU GAVE ME A START! FOR A MOMENT—I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOU...


...THE CHILD YOU'VE BEEN FEEDING THESE SEVENTEEN YEARS, THE CHILD MATURED INTO HIS TRUE FATHER'S IMAGE, THE CHILD WHO THESE DAYS SEEKS ITS OWN FOOD...
...SON!
... EVEN AS IT SEEKS REVENGE FOR THOSE YEARS OF ABANDONMENT!
HEE-HEE! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT FACES ONLY A MOTHER COULD LOVE! BUT POOR, SENILE OLD ELLUVIA WON'T HAVE LONG TO ADMIRE HER SON—ONLY A FEW MORE SECONDS, I'D SAY!

IN ANCIENT EGYPT, TIME SLIDES ALONG AS SLOWLY AS THE FUNERAL BARGE CARRYING THE REMAINS OF ***RAMSES I*** DOWN THE RIVER NILE. LIFE HERE COUNTS FOR NOTHING: ONE PASSES THROUGH IT BRIEFLY PREY TO POISONS, SICKNESS, TREACHERY, MURDER, AND THE WHIMS OF UNCOUNTABLE GODS, BOTH GOOD AND EVIL; THEN IN A WINK IT IS OVER, AND ***DEATH***... IS FOREVER. DEATH IS EVERYTHING. LIKE ALL EGYPTIANS, THE OLD KING RAMSES SPENT HIS ENTIRE LIFE BUILDING AND FURNISHING HIS TOMB. AND TO IT HE FLOATS NOW, STILL, SERENE, AND QUIET—AS HE WILL BE FOREVERMORE.

THE SILVER THIEF AND THE PHAROAH'S DAUGHTER

RAMSES HAS LEFT HIS SON, HOWEVER, A VAST INHERITANCE OF CONQUEST, AND ***EMPIRE*** THAT STRETCHES FROM DUSKY KUSH IN THE SOUTH TO FAR PERSIA IN THE NORTH. AS UNIMAGINABLE TREASURES POUR INTO MEMPHIS ON OXEN, CAMELS, AND ELEPHANTS, ***RAMSES II*** SEEKS TO SECURE HIS RICHES.



ART BY JOSE M. BEA STORY BY DEAN LATIMER

MY LORD, THESE OLD HANDS HAVE BEEN SULLIED BY TOO MUCH MONEY IN MY LONG LIFE. THY TREASURY SHALL BE BUILT INTO THE CITY WALL ITSELF, WITH STONE AND MORTAR, AND NO ONE IN EGYPT SHALL ENTER IT WITHOUT THE KING'S SEAL.
WITH HIS OWN HANDS OLD ARQUAMON BUILT RAMSES' NEW TREASURY. STRAINING HIS OLD MUSCLES HIS ANCIENT JOINTS ACHING, HE FORMED IT BLOCK BY BLOCK AND LAID IT TRUE...
WITH STEADY HANDS HE MORTARED THE NEW WALL, MAKING IT STRONG AND SAFE AS HE KNEW HOW, AFTER A LIFETIME OF MASONRY...
...BUT HE KNEW NOT THAT NEITHER OF MY SONS IS IN EGYPT, BUT OFF WITH THE ARMY IN FARAWAY BABYLON. BUT WHENSOEVER THEY RETURN, THIS BLOCK-YEA, EVER SO SLIGHTLY LOOSE-SHALL MAKE THEM RICH!
THERE! IMMOVABLE AS ASTARTE IN HEAVEN! AS I TOLD PHAROAH, NO ONE IN EGYPT COULD BREAK IN HERE...

YEARS YET PASSED, DURING WHICH PHAROAH PROSPERED AND ARQUAMON KEPT HIS SILENCE. AT LENGTH, THOUGH, AS THE TIME AT LAST DREW NEAR...

KEPHYR, ALCOM, MY SONS - COME HITHER, I WOULD PASS A WORD WITH THEE BEFORE MY DEATH - RAFT BEACHES FOR ME.

...AND NOW YOU KNOW EVERYTHING. BE SLY, LADS, AND TAKE CARE. NOW LEAVE ME - I WOULD BE ALONE WHEN AT LAST I FEEL THE CLAWS OF THE REAPER-HAWK.

THUS OLD ARQUAMON'S BODY WAS NO SOONER SAFE AT THE EMBALMER'S, BEGINNING ITS SEVENTY-DAY PURIFICATION TREATMENT, THAN HIS SONS WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE TREASURY HE HAD BUILT, YEARS BEFORE.

I DON'T LIKE THIS, KEPHYR! MAYBE THE OLD MAN WAS DELERIOUS...

HSST! THIS IS IT! IT *MOVES!*

BY ISIS! BY OSIRIS! LOOK AT THIS WEALTH, ALCOM! WE'RE *RICH!* I WANT THAT GOLDEN IMAGE OF CREOPS THERE, TO BEGIN WITH... AND THAT RUBY HEALING-AMULET...

CONTAIN YOURSELF, KEPHYR. FATHER SAID TO ROB ONLY THE SILVER URNS, AS OUR BEST CHANCE TO AVOID DETECTION.

LOOK AT THAT! WE'LL NEVER WORK AGAIN! WE CAN BUY A PALACE AND A HUNDRED SLAVES. WE'LL HAVE THE BIGGEST FUNERALS SINCE CHEOPS.
MOTHER, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT. FATHER BUILT A VAULT BIG ENOUGH FOR THE WEALTH OF SEVEN KINGDOMS, AND PHAROAH'S FILLED IT TO THE BRIM!
BUT FOR ALL HIS WEALTH, PHAROAH WAS A PARSIMONIOUS RULER. IT TOOK NOT MANY MORE READS ON HIS SILVER URNS BEFORE...
PHEQUES, THOU ART CHANCELLOR OF OUR EXCHEQUER. DURING THE MOON OF THE IBIS THIRTY TALENTS WERE DEPOSITED IN THE SILVER URNS. YET HOW, HALF THROUGH THE MOON OF THE SERPENT, WE FIND OURSELVES TEN TALENTS WANTING. WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU EAT IT, FAT FOOL?
MY-MY LORD! SCION OF THE NILE, I-I AM AT A LOSS TO ACCOUNT... SURELY SOME MISTAKE... HOLINESS, THE DOOR-SEAL HAS NOT BEEN BROKEN, I SWEAR! THE GUARDS REPORT NOTHING. PERHAPS IF YOU COUNTED AGAIN...
COUNT AGAIN! IDIOT, TOMORROW WE SHALL COUNT ONE MORE HEAD ON A SPIKE BY THE CITY GATES, AND IT SHALL BE THINE! TAKE THE FAT FOOL TO THE HEADSMAN, GUARDS!
OH, AND JUST IN CASE HE TELLS THE TRUTH, MEN-WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH HIM, RETURN HERE AND SET UP A TRAP THAT SLAYS NOT, BUT KEEPS THE VICTIM FAST. MEANWHILE, I GO TO RAISE THE TAXES TO AFFRAY THE TREASURY'S LOSS.
BROTHER, I LIKE THIS LESS EACH TIME WE MAKE A RAID. PHAROAH'S RAISED THE TAXES, THAT MAY MEAN HE'S SUSPICIOUS.
THAT MAY BE SO, BUT THIS LAST RAID GIVES US ENOUGH TO HIRE A GALLEY AND FLEE FOR GREECE, WITH A GENEROUS BOOTY. THE WOMEN THERE I HEAR HAVE YELLOW HAIR, AND THEIR THIGHS...
SNAP!
AOW! ALCOM, I'VE BEEN SEIZED! I'M CAUGHT!

A TRAP! BUT WHY A MERE WRIST-CATCHER, AND NOT A FATAL DEADFALL, OR A FALLING BLADE...

ALCOM, MY ARM... IT KNOTS... AND MY LEGS! I CAN'T MOVE!

BUT THE PHAROAH'S MAGE WAS WELL-VERSED IN LORE OF POISONS...

AH, THE BLADE WAS SMEARED WITH CURARE, LIKE THE WAR-ARROWS OF KUSH!

BUT-BUT WEAKENED CURARE... I CAN STILL... IF I TRY... MOVE MY LIPS. I STILL LIVE, BUT... HELP ME OUT-OF HERE, ALCOM!

CURSE IT, YOU'RE TOO STIFF! I'LL NEVER ANGLE YOU OUT OF HERE IN ONE PIECE. WE'RE STUCK UNTIL THE KING COMES.

PERHAPS SO. PERHAPS-NOT. YOU COULD... LEAVE, BROTHER-BUT SO SOON AS-AS HE RECOGNISES MY FACE-THE SON OF HIS BUILDER... HE'LL BE AFTER-THE WHOLE FAMILY. THE ONLY... ONLY WAY: TAKE MY FACE WITH YOU!

TO THE EGYPTIANS, DEATH CAME AS SWIFTLY AND CASUALLY AS THE STING OF VAHA THE SERPENT. AND EVEN THE MADDENED CAREERING OF AN UNEMBALMED SOUL COULD BE EVENTUALLY EXPATIATED BY PRAYER AND SACRIFICE...

AND SO...

...AND KEEP THEE WATCH AMONG THE CROWD: IF ANYONE WEEPS, SEIZE THE VARLET AND BRING HIM BEFORE US. PERCHANCE HE'LL BE RELATED TO THIS ESCOUNDREL CUTPURSE FELON.

THIS- IS THE WAY YOU TREAT YOUR MOTHER!? 'WE'LL BE RICH,' YOU SAID! WE'LL GO TO GREECE! A COMFORT IN YOUR AGE! 'A COMFORT THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE?
I HAVE ONE LESS SON! POOR KEPHYR HEADLESS, AND NOT EVEN EMBALMED! WITHOUT A TOMB, HE WALKS AMONG GIBBERING FIENDS AND SCREAMING DEMONS THROUGH QUICKSAND AND HURRICANE! ALCOM, I WANT THAT BODY FOR THE EMBALMERS!
MOTHER, BE REASONABLE.
IF I DON'T GET THAT BODY, I TELL THE KING EVERYTHING. MY SON WILL BE PROPERLY LAID OUT, OR WE'LL ALL HANG AND WONDER WITH HIM! THIS I SWEAR BY KOTH THE HIPPO-GODDESS.
LEND ME TIME, MOTHER. I MUST THINK ON IT...
NEXT DAY...
GEE! HAW! ENOUGH OF YOUR SILLINESS, MULE! GET A MOVE ON! MAYBE A CRACK ON THE RUMP'LL MOVE YOU!
CRAK!
WHOA! BY THE BREASTS OF NEPHERTITI, DOWN, YOU ROGE!
FLOOSH!

BRIGANDS! THEIVES! TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A POOR MAN'S SKITTERY MULE!

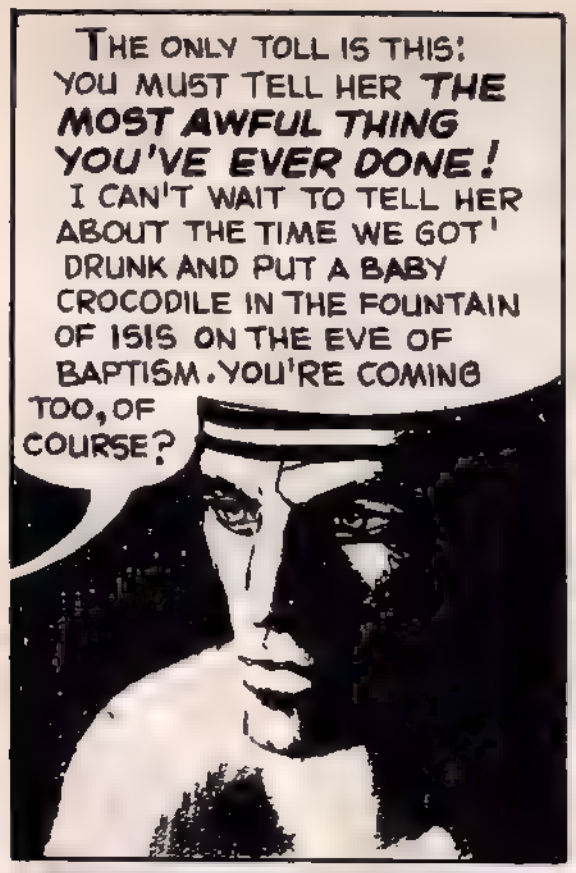
EASY, FRIEND, EASY - BETTER IN OUR BELLIES THAN IN THE DIRT!

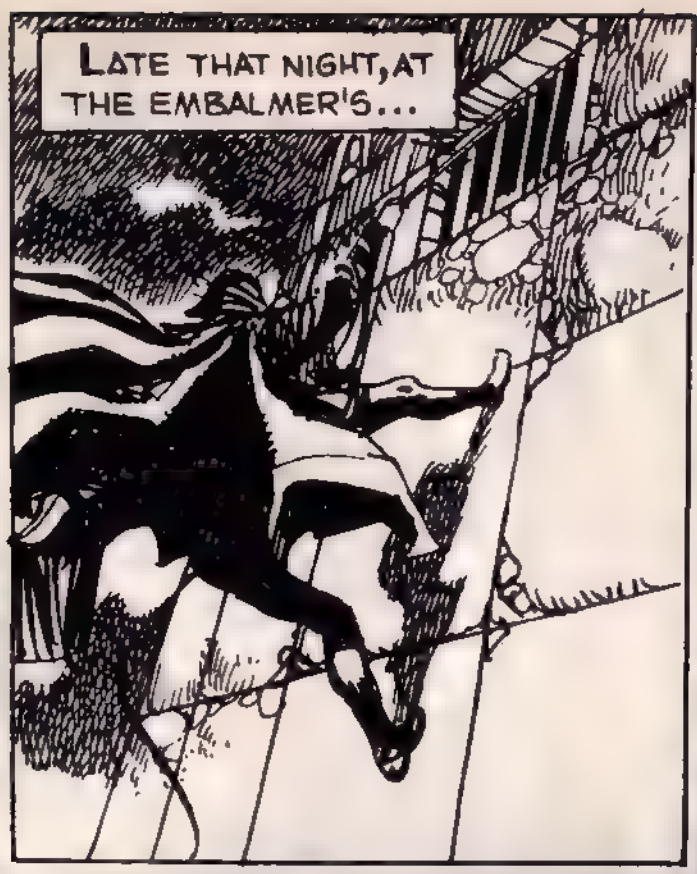
WELL, I GUESS IT'S SPILT WINE IN ANY CASE...

HERE, HAVE A SWALLOW YOURSELF. IT'S A HOT DAY.

AND ON A HOT DAY IN EGYPT, WINE HITS A MAN'S HEAD LIKE A HAMMER ON AN ANVIL.

AND NIGHT IN EGYPT FALLS LIKE THE BEAT OF A STICK ON SOME VAST BLACK DRUM...
AND AT NIGHT...
...WHO KNOWS WHAT DEVILTRY IS COMMITTED?
LOST THE BODY?!! BY HORUS, I'LL HAVE THY HIDES! FORTY LASHES APEICE, AND HARDTACK FOR A WEEK! BY THE WAR-CHARIOT OF RA, WHAT FOOLS LET A THEIF STEAL A CORPSE FROM UNDER THEIR SODDEN NOSES?
'TWAS NO THEIF, PHAROAH. BUT A MAGICIAN. HE CAST A DROWSING-SPELL IN OUR BEARDS, AND-
A MAGICIAN? A SHREWD YOUTH, MORE LIKELY, AND A FORMER SOLDIER TO BOOT, BY THE LOOKS OF IT. HOW TO TRAP A SOLDIER? HMMM... ONE BAITS THE TRAP WITH SOMETHING PRETTY...
DID YOU HEAR THE CRYER, ALCOM? RAMSES HAS GONE GIBBERING MAD-HE'S PLACED HIS DAUGHTER IN THE CITY'S BIGGEST BROTHEL, AND OFFERED HER TO ALL CITIZENS FOR FREE!
FREE? CLIEOPS SOLD HIS DAUGHTER TO RAISE MONEY FOR HIS PYRAMID-YEA, AND THE WENCH EXACTED AN ADDITIONAL TOLL TO BUILD HER OWN-BUT FOR A GOOD PRICE. WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?


THE ONLY TOLL IS THIS: YOU MUST TELL HER THE MOST AWFUL THING YOU'VE EVER DONE! I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL HER ABOUT THE TIME WE GOT DRUNK AND PUT A BABY CROCODILE IN THE FOUNTAIN OF ISIS ON THE EVE OF BAPTISM. YOU'RE COMING TOO, OF COURSE?


LATE THAT NIGHT, AT THE EMBALMER'S...

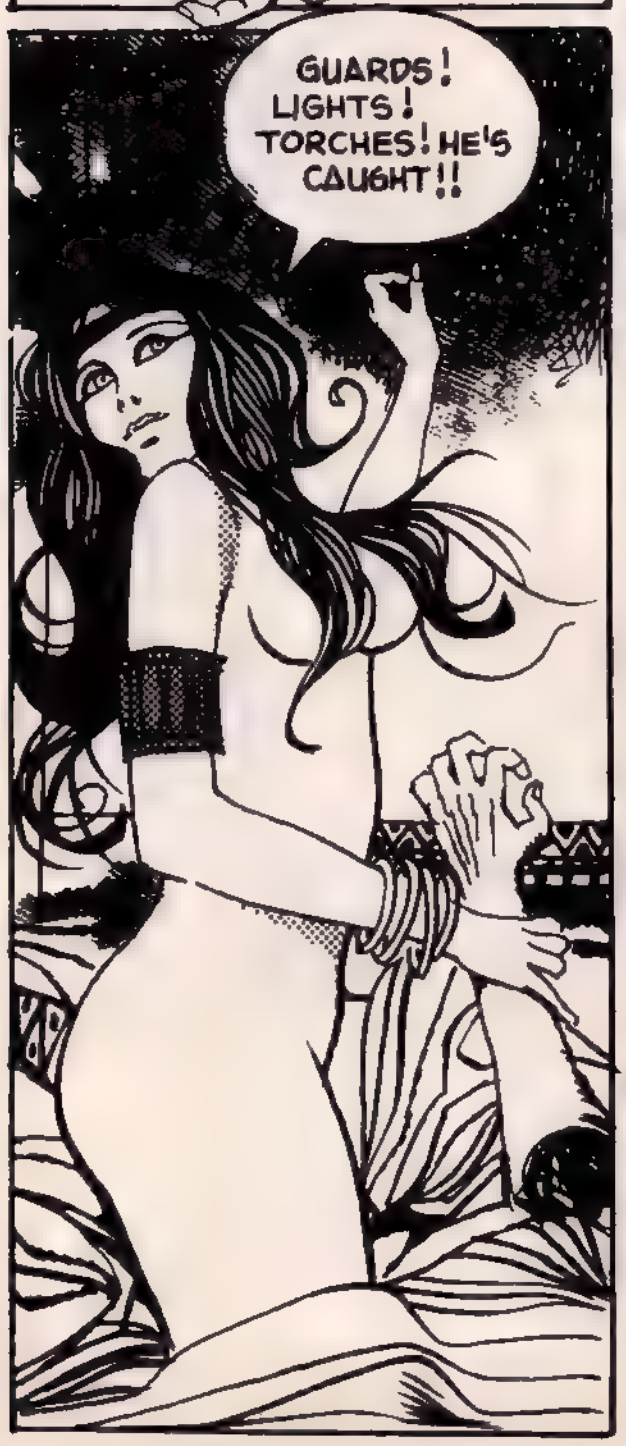
POOR KEPHYR — ALREADY MINUS A HEAD, CHANCES ARE YOU WON'T MUCH MISS AN ARM.

COMRADE ALCOM, WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING HERE? WHAT DEEP DARK CRIME LURKS IN YOUR BACKGROUND?
I SPENT ALL LAST NIGHT FABRICATING A GOOD ONE, FRIEND. LET'S HOPE IT WORKS.

AND NOW IN PAYMENT, PRINCESS OF THE SUN, LET ME TELL YOU OF MY CRIMES. MY FATHER, NOW DEAD, WAS A GREAT ARCHITECT...

...THE FIRST NIGHT WE TOOK ONLY SEVEN TALENTS APIECE, IT WAS ALL WE COULD CARRY. BUT AFTER MUCH EXERCISE, AND LIFTING OF WEIGHTS, OUR SECOND RAID NETTED US...

...DISGUISED AS A WINE MERCHANT, I RIGGED THE SPOUT ON ONE OF MY SKINS SO IT WOULD BREAK OPEN AS I PASSED THE GUARD BY KEPHYR'S BODY...


GUARDS! LIGHTS! TORCHES! HE'S CAUGHT!!

WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS? MY SON, NOT ONLY A FELON, BUT HE ADMITS IT TO THE PRINCESS!
HUSH! THE BOAT SHOULD BE READY, SO IF WE'RE QUIET-HOLD! WHAT'S THIS SIGN?
IT SAYS, 'BY ORDER OF THE PHAROAH, CLEMEMENCY IS HEREBY GIVEN THE SILVER THIEF. IF HE WILL BUT STEP FORWARD AND IDENTIFY HIMSELF, HE FURTHERMORE GETS THE PRINCESS' HAND IN MARRIAGE AND HALF THE KINGDOM!... IF HE BUT PROMISES TO BECOME THE KING'S NEW VIZIER...
YES, THE PHAROAH, SHREWD ENOUGH TO REALISE THAT ANY MAN AS CLEVER AS HIS SILVER THIEF DESERVED NOT DEATH BUT A HIGH GOVERNMENT POST, TOOK ALCOM INTO HIS HOUSEHOLD. TOGETHER, THEY GREATLY ENRICHED THE DYNASTY, AND ADDED TO THE GLORY AND SPLENDOR THAT WAS EGYPT. AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER, UNTIL DEATH CAME TO CLAIM THEM.
JOSE M BEA

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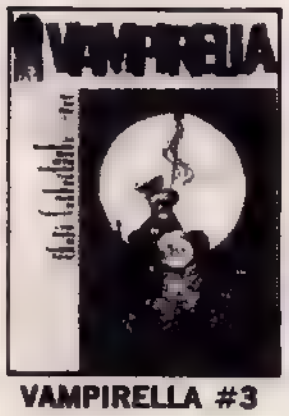
VAMPIRELLA #2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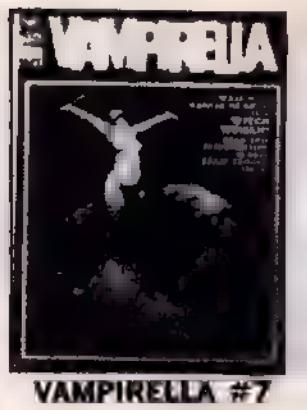
VAMPIRELLA #6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SALTATIONS, WART-HOGS! I'VE BEEN *HOPPING* AROUND DIGGING UP NEW FEARY TALES FOR YOU AGAIN! THIS TIME I'VE COME UP WITH ONE THAT HAS PEOPLE *CROAKING* ALL OVER! A LITTLE TALE ABOUT A GUY NAMED...

PSSSST! HEY, BROADDIE! COMMERRE!

URK!

W-WHO SAID THAT? WHERE DID THAT *VOICE* COME FROM?

OVER HERE, LADY! ON THE TREE *STUMP!*

WHERE? I DON'T SEE *ANYTHING!!* WHERE *ARE* YOU?!

RIGHT *HERE,* DUMBO!

ART AND STORY BY BILL DUBAY

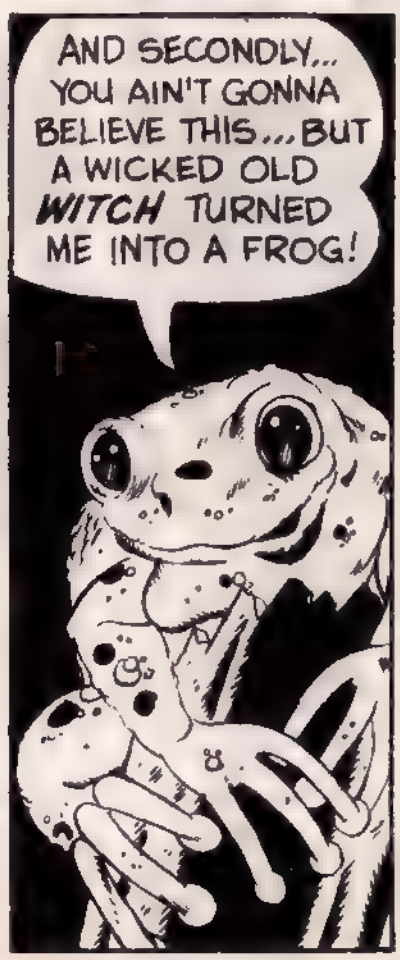
A...A FROG?!? A FROG IS TALKING TO ME?!
SO, WHAT DIDJA EXPECT? THE GOOD FAIRY, MAYBE?

I... IT'S JUST THAT I'VE NEVER SPOKEN WITH A FROG BEFORE!
SO DON'T FEEL BAD! I HAVEN'T SPOKEN WITH ALL THAT MANY PEOPLE LATELY, EITHER!!

H...HOW IS IT THAT YOU ARE ABLE TO TALK MR. FROG?

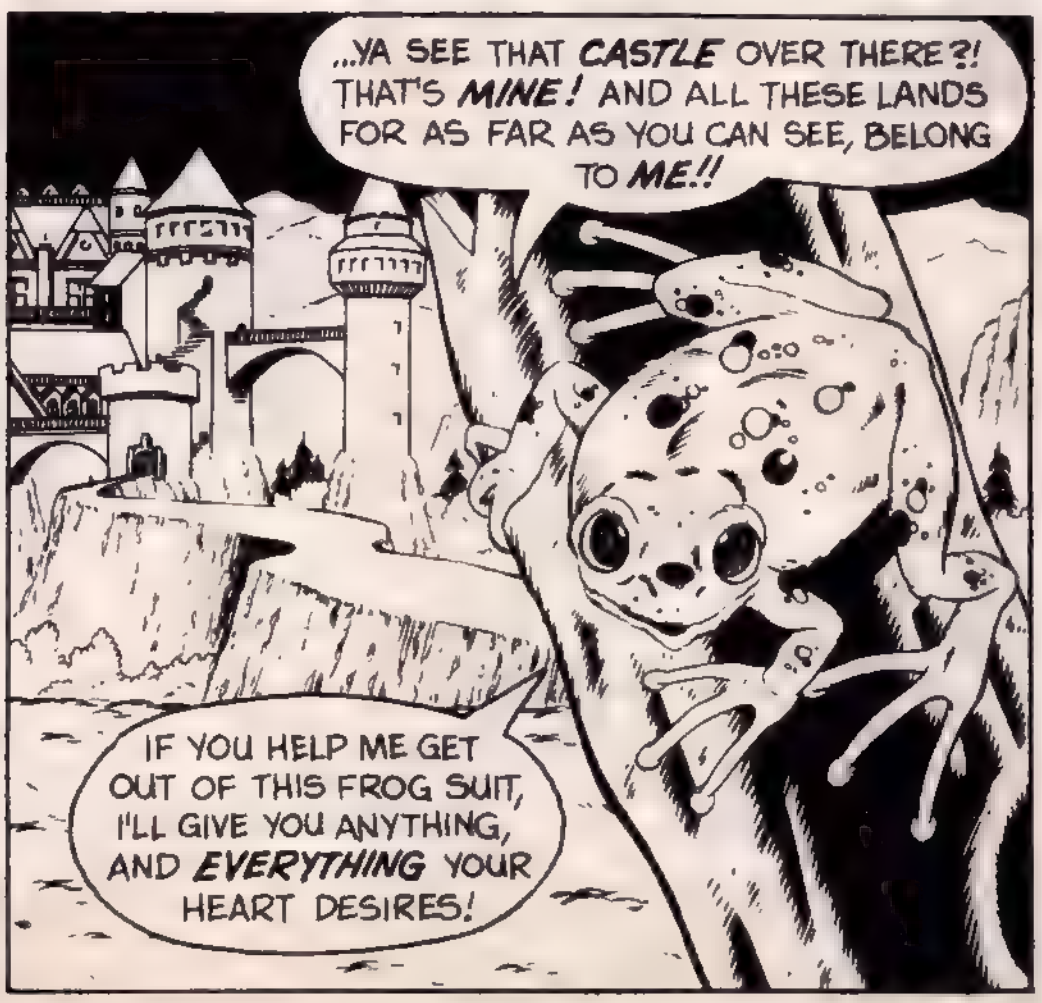
FIRST OFF... MY NAME AIN'T MR. FROG! IT'S FREDERICK VON KROAKK! PRINCE FREDERICK VON KROAKK! BUT YOU MAY CALL ME FREDDY!

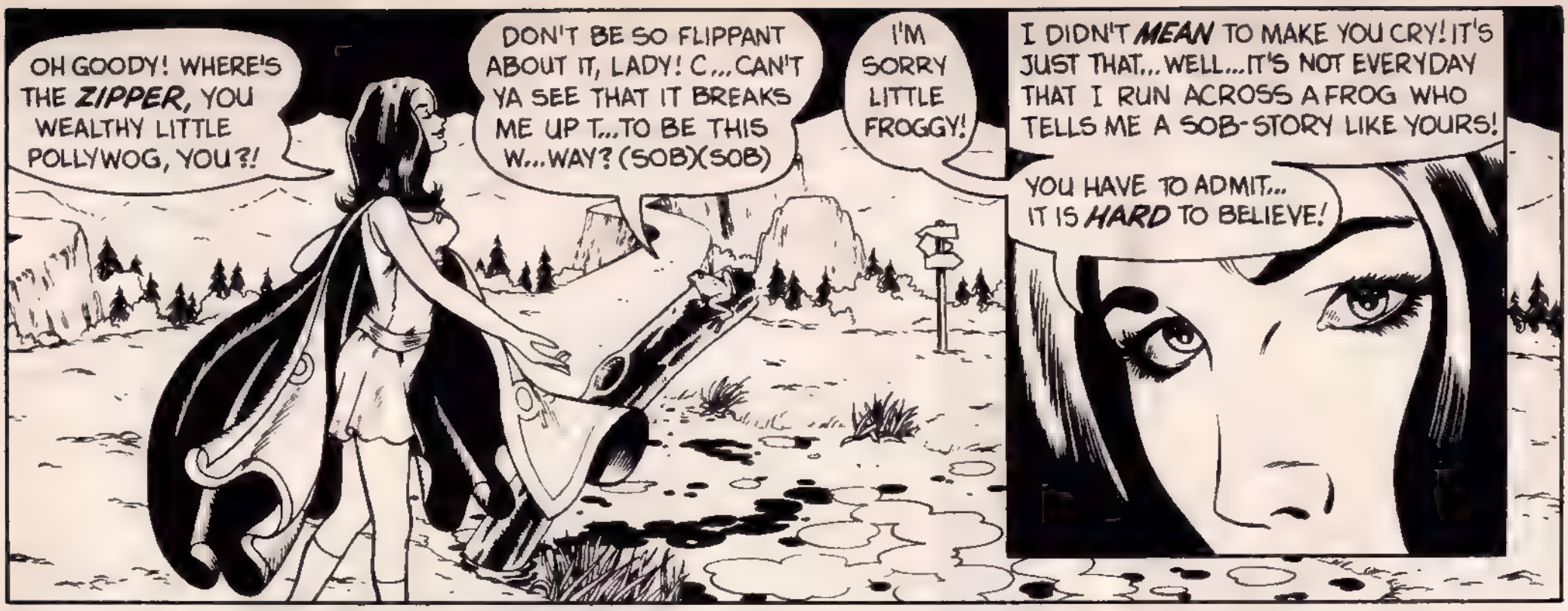
OH, HOW SWEET! FREDDY THE FROG!!


AND SECONDLY... YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS... BUT A WICKED OLD WITCH TURNED ME INTO A FROG!

OH, ISN'T THAT PRECIOUS! JUST LIKE IN THE FAIRY TALE!!!

COME TO THINK OF IT... IT'S A LITTLE TOO MUCH LIKE THE FAIRY TALE! HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT PULLING MY LEG?
DO I LOOK LIKE THE KIND OF FROG WHO READS FAIRY TALES?
LOOKIT, LADY, I'M GONNA LEVEL WITH YA...


...YA SEE THAT CASTLE OVER THERE?! THAT'S MINE! AND ALL THESE LANDS FOR AS FAR AS YOU CAN SEE, BELONG TO ME!!
IF YOU HELP ME GET OUT OF THIS FROG SUIT, I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING, AND EVERYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES!


OH GOODY! WHERE'S THE ZIPPER, YOU WEALTHY LITTLE POLLYWOG, YOU?!
DON'T BE SO FLIPPANT ABOUT IT, LADY! C...CAN'T YA SEE THAT IT BREAKS ME UP T...TO BE THIS W...WAY? (SOB)(SOB)
I'M SORRY LITTLE FROGGY!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU CRY! IT'S JUST THAT... WELL... IT'S NOT EVERYDAY THAT I RUN ACROSS A FROG WHO TELLS ME A SOB-STORY LIKE YOURS!
YOU HAVE TO ADMIT... IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE!

BUT I'LL HELP YOU, FREDDY!

I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN...

...TO HELP YOU TURN INTO A PRINCE AGAIN!

Y...YOU WILL??

YIPPIE!!

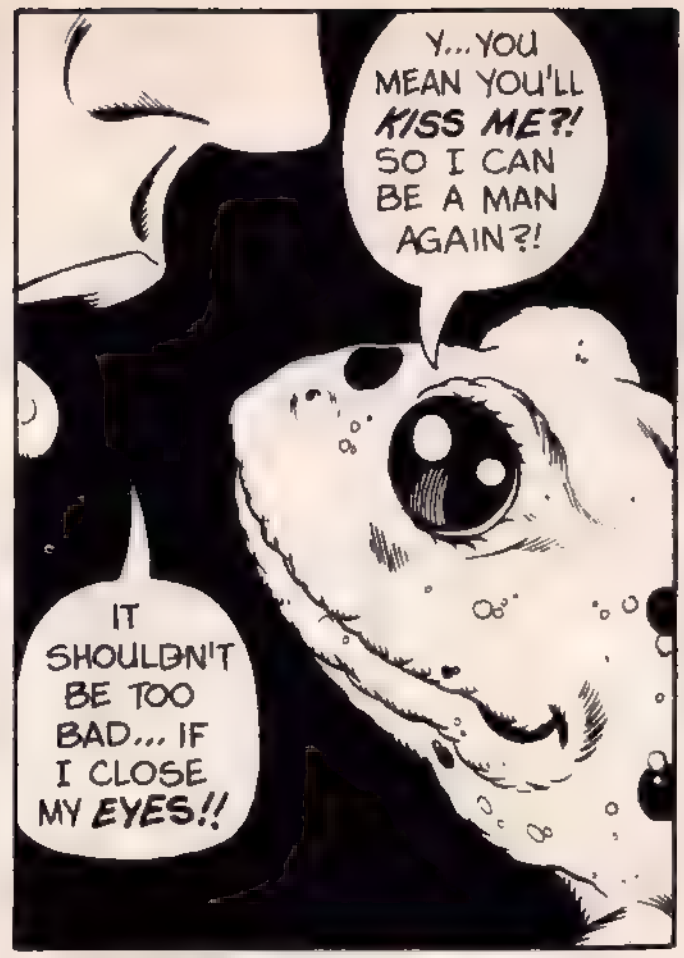
YOU'RE REALLY A GOOD PERSON!

OKAY! NOW WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?
NOTHING, REALLY! JUST PUCKER!

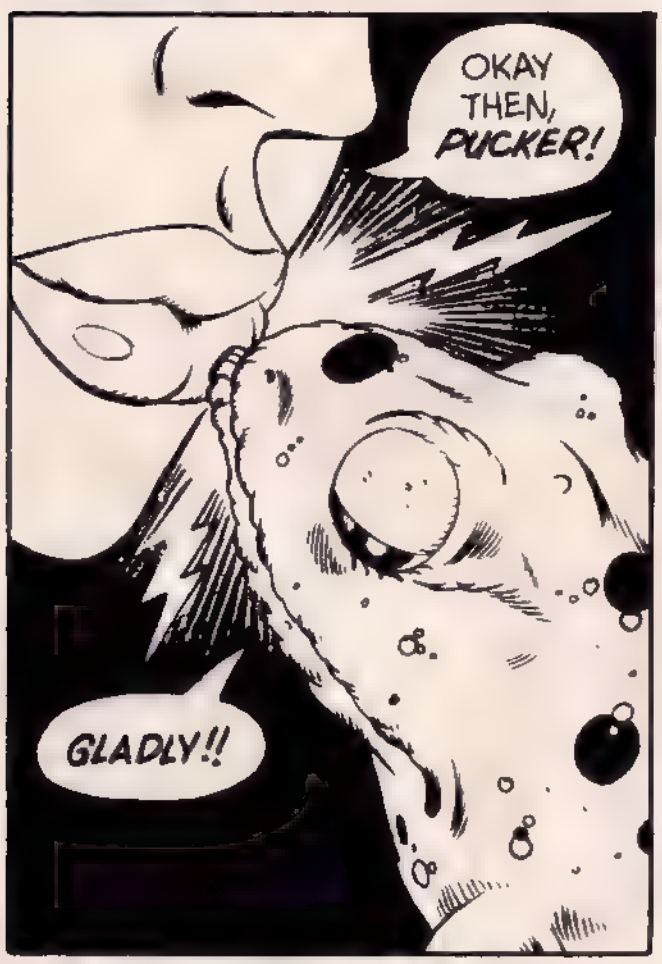
NOW WAIT A DARNED MINUTE! I'M NOT ABOUT TO GO KISSING NO FROG!
WHY I HARDLY KNOW YOU!

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK? I THINK YOU PLANNED THIS WHOLE THING! YOU FROGS ARE ALL ALIKE... YOU LURED ME TO YOUR PAD JUST SO YOU COULD SEDUCE ME!!
B...BUT I'M NOT REALLY A FROG! A...AND I DIDN'T LURE YOU HERE! YOU JUST HAPPENED TO BE WALKING B...BY MY LILY P...PAD!

A...AND IF YOU WON'T GIVE ME ONE LITTLE KISS, I'LL BE D...DOOMED TO LIVE IN THIS POND FOR EVER!!
OH, STOP CRYING, FREDDY! I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT I SAID!


Y...YOU MEAN YOU'LL KISS ME?! SO I CAN BE A MAN AGAIN?!
IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO BAD... IF I CLOSE MY EYES!!

YOU SURE I WON'T GET WARTS ON MY LIPS?
MADAME... I'M NOT THAT KIND OF A FROG!!


OKAY THEN, PUCKER!
GLADLY!!

SHAZAM!

WELL I'LL BE... YOU ARE A MAN!
H...HERE! TAKE MY CAPE! NOW YOU CAN WALK TO YOUR CASTLE WITHOUT TOO MUCH EMBARASMENT!

Y'KNOW...YOU'RE NOT REALLY BAD LOOKING... FOR A FROG, THAT IS!
AND I THINK I'VE JUST DECIDED WHAT I WANT FOR HELPING YOU CHANGE BACK...

...I WANT YOU TO MARRY ME!

MASTER FREDERICK... YOU'RE BACK!! WE THOUGHT WE'DE NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!! WELCOME HOME, SIRE! COME RIGHT THIS WAY!!
HOLD EVERY-THING, BUSTER...
BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING ELSE, GO GET A JUSTICE! PRINCEY AND ME ARE GOING TO GET MARRIED... TODAY!!

OH, I SAY, SIRE!! THIS IS INDEED A HAPPY DAY! THE ENTIRE KINGDOM WILL REJOICE!

BUT COME! RIGHT THIS WAY TO YOUR QUARTERS, YOUR HIGH-NESS! WE MUST MAKE READY FOR THE BIG CEREMONY!

OH, FREDDY! THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE!! I'M GONNA BE A PRINCESS!!! ISN'T IT FABULOUS?!

FREDDY! I SAID... ISN'T IT FABULOUS!? HEY! WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING? COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD SINCE YOU CHANGED BACK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FREDDY? CAN'T YOU TALK ANYMORE?? FREDDY? SAY SOMETHING!!
PLEASE!!

KROOAAK!
IT FIGURES, HUH? IF FREDDY COULD TALK AS A FROG, HE WAS BOUND TO CROAK AS A PRINCE! BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP THE MARRIAGE! FREDDY AND HIS FRAU LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER, AND TODAY HAVE A COUPLE OF FINE OFFSPRING... TWO POLLIWOGS!

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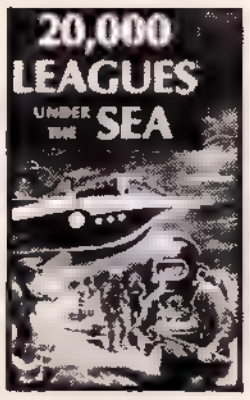

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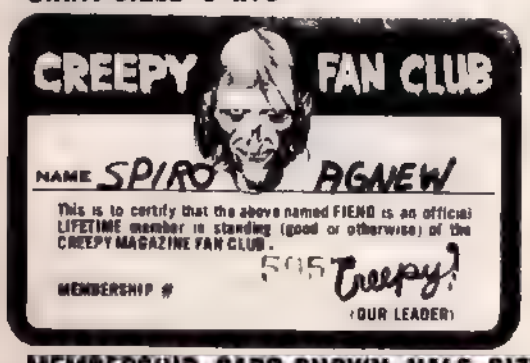

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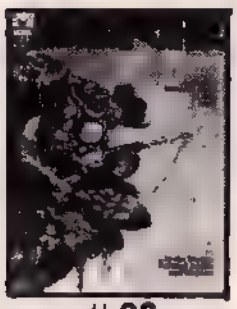
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OFFICIAL CONTEST

In issue #12 on VAMPI'S FLAMES pages, we asked our readers to look through back issues of VAMPIRELLA from issue #5 up to the present. VAMPI'S FLAMES began in issue #5. Have you been doing your homework? You were supposed to study and evaluate the sketches. Did you choose your favorite yet? If you have, send us a note telling us which one you liked the best and which issue of VAMPIRELLA it appeared in. We would prefer you tear out the actual sketch and send it to us. (Your vote can be either your note or the clipping.) The contributor receiving the most votes will be contacted. He or she will be assigned a one-page script to illustrate which will appear in a forthcoming issue of VAMPIRELLA. The amateur artist you choose will have a special page all his own. Contest closes August 1, 1971. Winner will be announced in VAMPIRELLA issue #15 (ON SALE NOV. 4, 1971).

Staff artists whose work has appeared in full-length stories are ineligible. The winner will be someone whose work has only appeared on the fan pages.

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CONTRIBUTORS CONTEST
(Vampi's Flames)
c/o Warren Publishing
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Gregg Davidson of Palos Verdes, Calif., was urged by a friend to submit the above sketch of Vampi. We're grateful to Gregg's friend.

The above rendering comes to us from Clyde Caldwell of Greensboro, N.C., whose favorite comic character visits his dreams each night.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Comic book collecting is a family affair with Mr. & Mrs. Ty Borski and their son, Joseph Heffernan, pictured above. We met them at the 1970 New York Comic Convention, and promised Joe, 15, (a student at Weehawken High School) that we'd publish their picture. Here it is, folks . . . we've just made you famous (or should it be INFAMOUS)?!

CHILDREN OF THE ATOM
By J. G. Barlow

In the beginning God created
the heaven and earth,
Now the once verdant land
is a fiery dearth,
They'd created a utopia,
or so they said,
Now it is a world of the
polluted and the dead.
The sky was once pure,
the people free,
Their hearts held a promise,
a destiny,
Now radioactive wind
is the master here,
Because man was unable
to control his fear.
Life held no meaning
for this godless people,
Their bias made them weak,
their science feeble,
So one day they decided
to begin the fight,
And when the clouds settled,
they resolved their plight.
Formless rubble mutely
witnessed the recurring
story,
That war held no profit,
no wondrous glory.
The smell of death—reduced
to an atomic pile,
Bids us close the report
on this most curious file.
But wait! All hope had not
withered, all purpose,
not died,
For an object appeared—
a sign in the sky,
It came ever close and
touched down to earth;
An envoy from space,
a chance for rebirth.
From the landed craft stepped
two humanoid creatures,
With a spatial forboding
and unearthly features,
They were named,
respectively, Zira and Cleve.
You'd know them better
as Adam and Eve.

END

THE LEAKING BATHTUB!

PART TWO

(Adapted and edited from an original story by Carl Daigrepont, Jr.)

SYNOPSIS OF LAST ISSUE (#12)

Thirteen year old Annie, left alone with her puppy Barney, had retired to her bedroom to watch T.V. until her parents returned from a funeral later that night. Hours had passed leaving the house freezing cold and omninously frightening since Annie was unsure whether or not she had locked all the doors and windows. Drifting asleep with the puppy beside her, Annie awoke to what she thought were footsteps. Frightened, Annie screamed and screamed until she finally realized it was only the puppy who had left her room and was now returning to her bedside from downstairs. When she finally calmed down with Barney nervously looking up at her with his tail between his legs and shaking like a leaf, there came from the distance somewhere within the house, the sound of a dripping faucet.

Suddenly, Annie listened with an awareness that gripped her entire body in total terror. The terror that perhaps this was not the dripping of water from a faucet . . . because, it dragged after each soft splat . . . as if it was . . . was . . . being stepped INTO . . . by SOMEONE . . . IN THE HOUSE . . . tip-toeing closer . . . closer to her bedroom . . . outside her door . . . coming closer . . . tipping . . . closer . . . tipping . . . closer . . . tip . . . tip . . .

Barney suddenly leaped from the bed growling. He raced to the door yapping as loud as his little puppy voice could between growls. Annie convulsed, raising the covers from the bed with her updrawn knees flinging the papers from the bed onto the floor. A horrified scream froze in her throat as her eyes staired at the spread open paper sprawled beneath the prancing feet of the puppy scampering back and fourth, bobbing, weaving, turning, twisting and yapping as viciously as he could between puppy growls. Suddenly Barney dashed through the crack in the slightly opened bedroom door. And as suddenly as he was gone, the puppy's clamor ceased. Silence roared through the house in a deafening hush. The dripping from the distance of the hallway outside suddenly began again. Drip . . . drip . . . drip . . . drip . . .

Ever so slowly, Annie's mouth closed. Her arms slowly lowered bringing her hands away from her cheeks which had covered the screams straining to burst from her open throat. Her heart began its slow rhythmic beat again, but her blood would not regain its flow. It was frozen as cold as the room she sat wide-eyed in. The steady drip, drip, drip, drip of the sound from the hall reached her ears again which brought with it the terrifying thought of unthinkable horrors. "Barney!" She screamed.

It was almost simultaneously with the sight of the headline in the paper that caught her eyes when she screamed her puppy's name . . . "Barney! Oh, God, no!" Annie flung the covers from her, almost stumbling headlong as she bounded from the bed screaming her courageous puppy's name. "Barney!" She pounded barefooted across the cold floor for the door screaming his name with each footfall . . . "BARNEY! BARNEY! BARNEY!" Stepping across the sprawled newspaper the headline still embeded deep in her minds eye. The dripping sound from the other side of the door and down the hall grew louder as she raced to the source. It grew louder with each pounding of her racing footsteps and her thundering heartbeat. "OH, GOD, NO!!!"

She screamed as she yanked open the bathroom door. The newspaper back in the bedroom was just settling from the rush of motion created by Annie's hurried departure from scuffling across it. It came to rest again in the freezing cold of the silent bedroom. The silence was suddenly broken by the click of the front door downstairs opening and the whispered voices softly arguing, ". . . that daughter of yours will one of these days be sorry for not learning to lock the door behind us when we go out!"

Upstairs, Annie was sorry now. Her returning parents didn't know how sorry. When they reached the top of the stairs, they found Annie in the doorway of the bathroom on her knees sobbing. It wouldn't be until a few moments later until they discovered why Annie was crying. For there above the bathtub, hanging from the shower faucet was Barney. The puppy's tail was tied in a knot around the shower faucet's pipe and its head hanging from its body . . . half severed . . . leaking its courageous blood into the bathtub . . . drip . . . drip . . . drip . . .

In the bedroom, the gush of the opened door downstairs from her returning parents, fluttered the newspaper laying on the floor. Annie had never noticed the continuing subcaption below the headline of the paper. It had frightened her so much, she never read any further. If she had, she would have noticed below the headline. "MAD DOG MANIAC . . ." it further read, "Murderer of". . . and in heavy bold type . . ."DOGS!" **END**

John Ayella of Merion, Pa., contributed his conception of your hostess, Vampi. From the looks of his artwork, John should have no trouble breaking into the comic illustrating field.

GET INVOLVED!

We'd like to print a story or a picture of yours on the FANFARE pages. Why not send us one? Drawings in black ink, stories 100 words or less!

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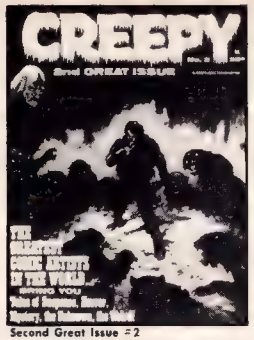

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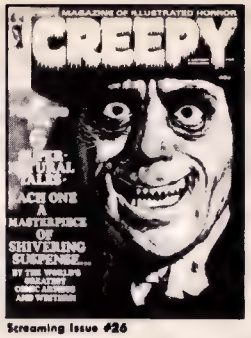

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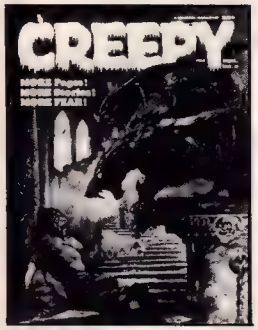
1969 Yearbook



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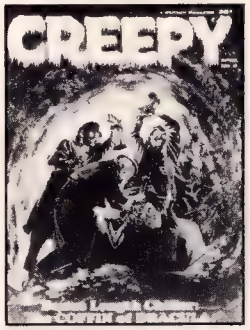

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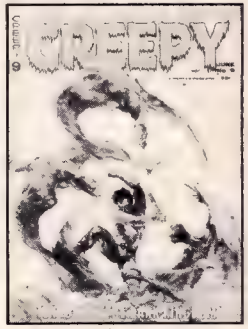

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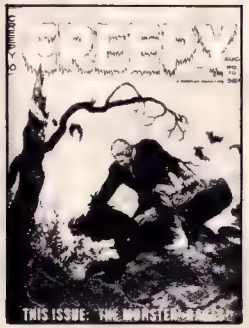

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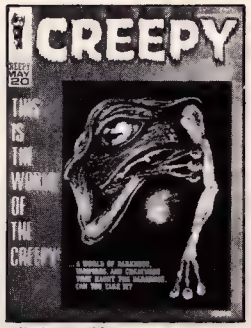

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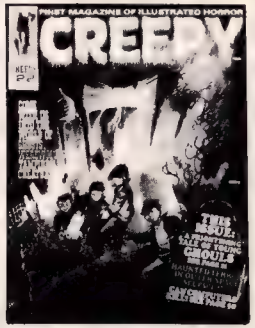

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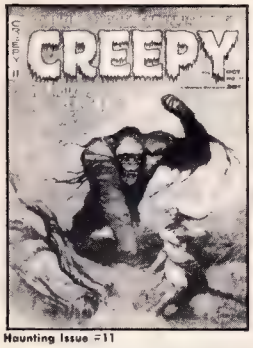

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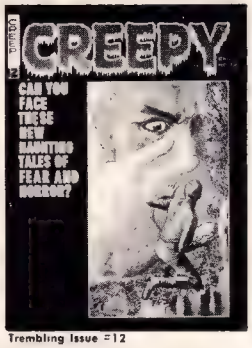

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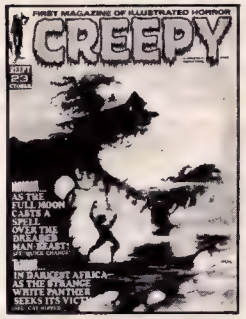

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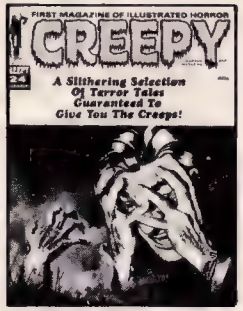

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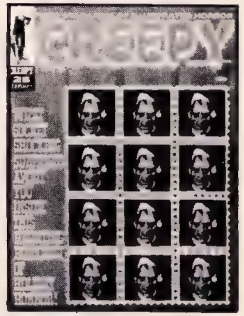

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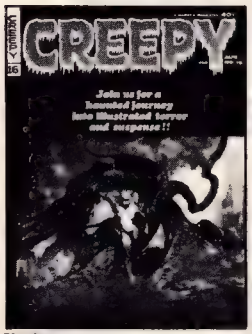

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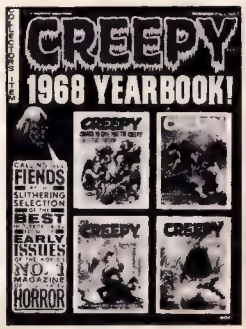
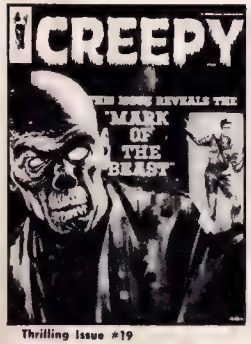
Shivering Issue #17

Incredible Issue #18



Creepy Yearbook



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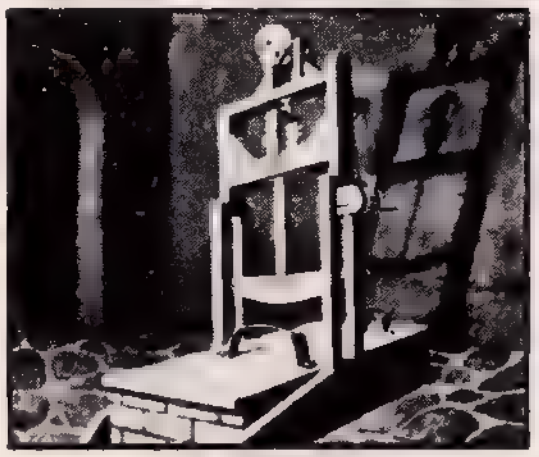
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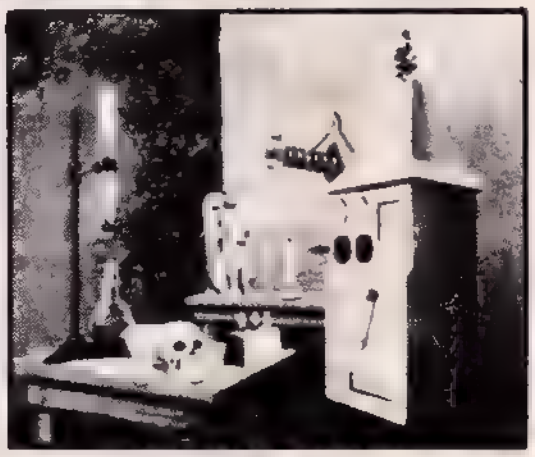
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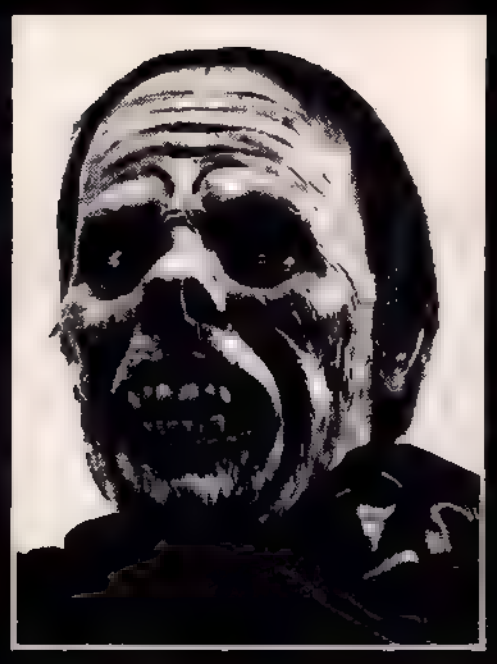
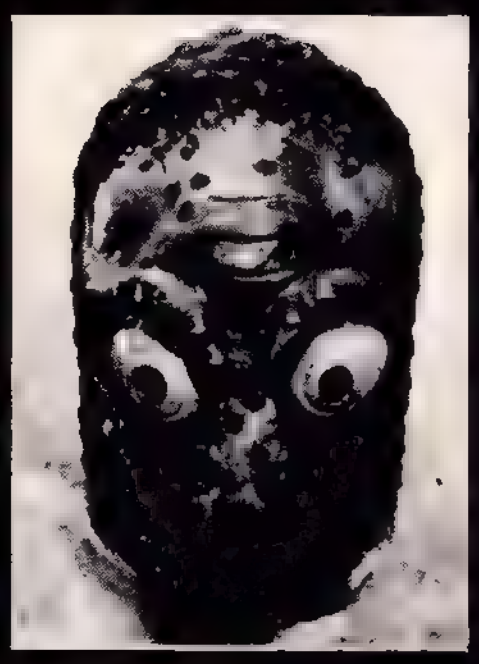

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA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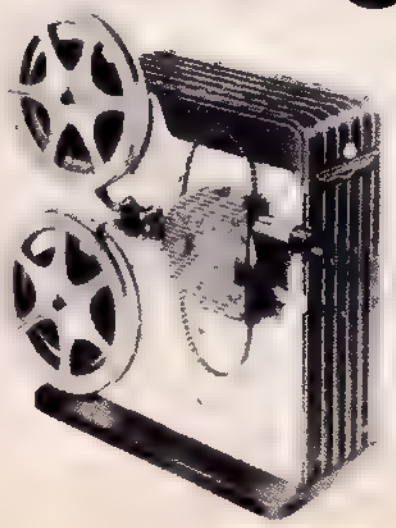

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A JEALOUS VAMPIRELLA VOWS REVENGE IN 1971!

Frank Frazetta and Neal Adams were surrounded. The occasion: the annual Warren Awards, a highlight of the 1970 New York City Comic Art Convention.

Gathered together on the stage of the main convention room on the 18th floor of the Statler Hilton hotel for the First Annual Warren Awards were James Warren, Editor and Publisher of the Warren line of comic magazines, **Creepy, Eerie,** and **Vampirella;** illustrators par excellence Frank Frazetta, Neal Adams, Wally Wood, Tom Sutton, Ernie Colon, Billy Graham, and writers Nicola Cuti, and Archie Goodwin.

Warren, characteristically at home in front of the podium, began by introducing colorful Convention Chairman Phil Seuling, who in turn, introduced James Warren to the waiting assemblage of fans "as a man who needs no introduction." Warren later presented a gold trophy to Seuling in recognition of his efforts on behalf of comic art.

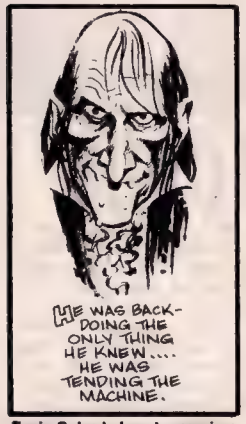
The Warren Awards were officially underway. He introduced his staff, most of whom were in the audience and took appropriate bows. After reciting a litany of their respectful virtues, he recited particular stories for each. Jokingly, he related "insults" carefully selected to suit the character of the individual staff member. "Rich Buckler," he announced, "comes into our office once a week. He's always late with a story. We strip him, beat him, humiliate and insult him, degrade him horribly, and he pays us five dollars and goes home happy."

Introductory asides over, Warren plunged into the award ceremonies. Jim described the massive gold cups and statues as perhaps representative of "Dr. Wertham clutching his groin."

Receiving the Frank Frazetta trophy for best illustrated story is Neal Adams (above). For his work on "Snowman", Creepy #31, Tom Sutton (at right) won the Bradbury cup.

Seated are artists Frank Frazetta, Tom Sutton, writer Nicola Cuti and artist Ernie Colon. Flanking them are their well-deserved trophies. Both Sutton and Colon go for their guns.

Warren (left) after honoring Billy Graham who receives congratulations of Frazetta and Sutton as Cuti obscures facial change to werewolf. Graham was honored for his work on the witch trilogy in Vampi #70 Unk Creepy vainly waits in the wings, unheralded.



Ernie Colon's heart-warming version of Uncle Creepy.

A succubus from "The Soft, Sweet Lips of Hell", Vampi 10.

The Ray Bradbury award for Best Story in a Warren magazine went to Tom Sutton for **Snowman** in **Creepy #31.**

The Frank Frazetta cup for Best Illustrated Story was presented to Neal Adams for his version of **Rock God** in **Creepy #32.**

Frank Frazetta received the Jack Davis cup for the Best Cover for his **Eerie #23** cover.

Warren then announced a series of special awards: writer Harlan Ellison for **Rock God;** Best All-Around Artist to Ernie Colon; a writing award to Cuti; and an honorable mention for artwork to Warren headmaster Billy Graham. Billy's **Black Witch** was one of a trilogy on the nature of witches which appeared in **Vampi #7. Creepy** and **Eerie** books were on the receiving end of the awards while **Vampirella** was left emptyhanded.

A panel session followed the awards. Asked about the morality of horror comic magazines, Warren answered, "There is no such thing as 'moral' or 'immoral' comic magazines. Comics are either badly written and drawn or well written and drawn."

Why the recent full page appeal (another is planned) to end the war in Vietnam? Declaring that the editorial was in line with "our business philosophy," Warren explained that everytime there is a riot or a violent confrontation between policemen and revolutionary, sales plunge. Pretty soon, Warren felt; if the situation continued, America herself might go out of business. This obviously would have a disastrous effect upon Warren publishing. If, in any way, the ad helped in ending the war, he felt it was a sound move.

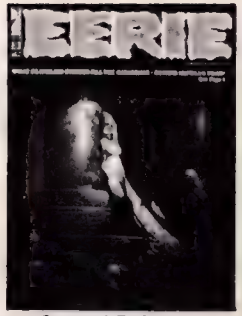
Billy Graham's name, explained Warren, is often confused with that of a great and respected spiritual leader. "If I ever get a good artist named Oral Roberts, I'm going to be in big trouble," Warren said.

* * *

Material from this article came from Martin Greim's Comic Crusader #10. Copies of CC's special 1970 Convention Issue can be had by sending 50c to M. Greim, Box 132, Dedham, Mass. 02026.

Neal Adams' "Rock God", Creepy #32. Story by Harlan Ellison. "Rock God" was chosen Best Illustrated Story and Adams received the Frank Frazetta cup.

Tom Sutton's "Snowman"



Cover of Eerie #23

* * * * * *

DETAILS OF THE 1971 NEW YORK CITY COMICON

New York's fourth annual Comic Art Convention, host to the Warren Awards, will be held from July 2nd through the 5th, the second four-day convention ever held, in New York's Statler Hilton Hotel in the Penn Top/Sky Top rooms, 18th floor. As expected, it promises to be the usual great and wondrous madhouse.

Comicon Chairman Phil Seuling announced that he and Warren had developed an idea which would involve using conventioneers' names in future stories appearing in the Warren books.

Also, we hear that there might be a panel on underground comics and a fanzine editors panel, hosted by Comic Crusader publisher Greim.

Regular membership is $3.50, available in advance by mail, or at the door while daily membership is $1.50 per day, available at the door only. Supporting (non-attending) membership is $1.50 and includes both the Program Book and the Progress Report. The convention will be free to all Comicon members staying at the hotel. Room reservations are to be returned to convention sponsors and not to the hotel.

A special luncheon featuring Comicon's as yet unannounced guest of honor will be held Sunday, July 4th. Past honored denizens include Hal Foster (Prince Valiant) and Harvey Kurtzman (Little Annie Fanny).

For information, write Phil Seuling, 2883 West 12th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11224. This year's Con should be the best yet. And beware, the coming of the 1971 Warren Awards.

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A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fearsome monster ever born. He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul. Does the doctor live to regret his fiendish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. 8mm, 200 feet, $6.95

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FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elsa Lanchester. Nothing stops this gruesome two-some . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in gharish gauze . . . and has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, $6.95

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In a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only $6.95

KARLOFF IN THE MUMMY

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torture" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay. No wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet. $6.95

THE MUMMY'S TOMB

DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, $6.95

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THE UNDEAD

CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give forth its ghostly, ghastly secrets. It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD horror screams from the grave. In the dead of night an evil curse starts a chain of events. You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD. 8mm, 200 feet, $6.95

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WHAT HAPPENS when stark, staring madness takes over in a famous concert pianist's home? Who is the Beast with 5 Fingers? Peter Lorre stalks through this horror movie at his dramatic best. As scene after terror scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute suspense. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today. 8mm, 200 feet, $6.95

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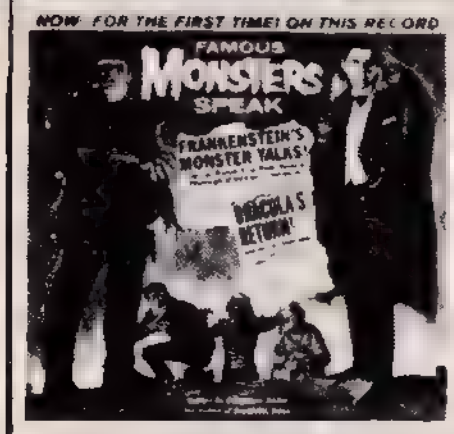

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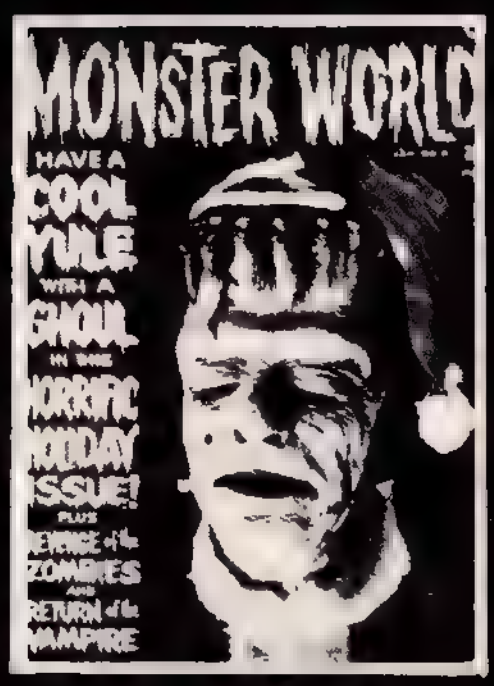

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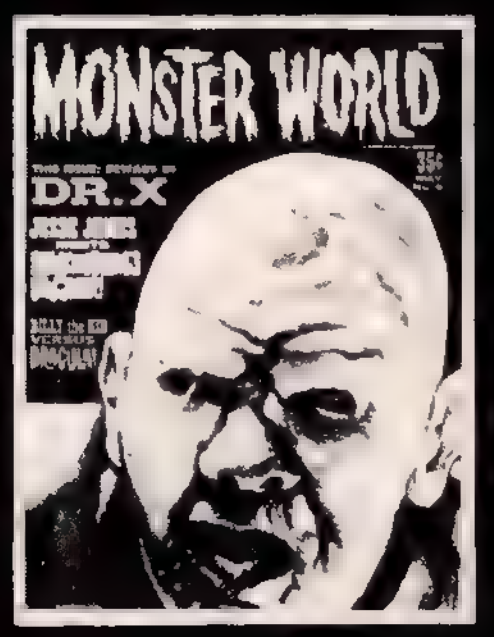

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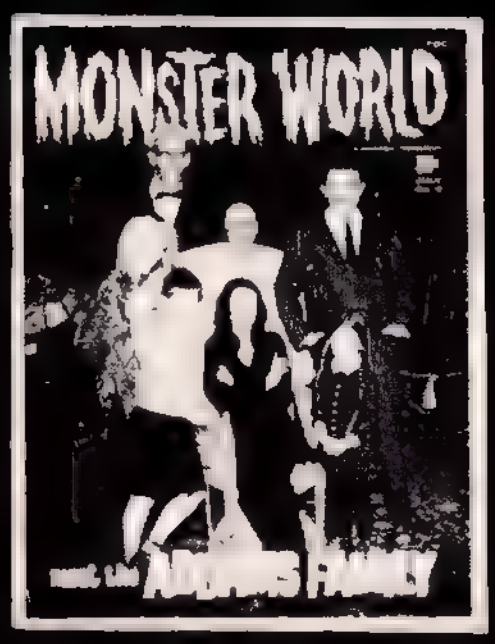

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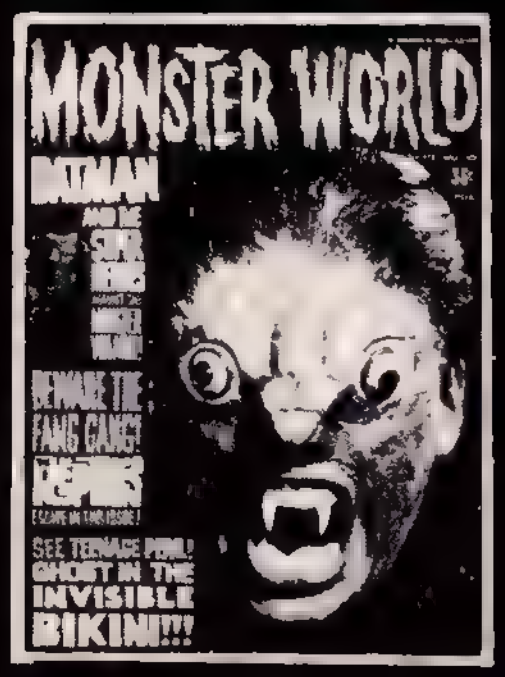

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This 14-inch high battery operated FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER stands on his tombstone, hands outstretched. Turn the switch and he STARTS TO MOVE!! His face is a hideous green; his hands and arms claw the air! He grunts and groans!! He is going to attack!! WOW! Look what happened! HIS PANTS FALL DOWN—revealing his red and what underwear shorts—and the Monster blushes a bright red, changes his mind, and shuts off automatically. Uses ordinary flashlight batteries. The funniest sight you ever saw! Only $7.95 plus 75c for postage & handling.

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eye of the beholder

AH—JUST LOOK AT THAT RAGGED CREATURE YONDER! OH—HAD I ONLY THOSE LONG GOLDEN TRESSES, BUT WOULDN'T ALL THE FINE YOUNG HORSEMEN COME BEATING AT THE DOOR OF MY CHAMBER LATE AFTER SUNDOWN!

GARY KAUFMAN

ART AND STORY BY GARY KAUFMAN

INDEED...
GIRL! COME HERE TO YOUR COUNTESS!
QUICKLY NOW! RUN!

THE GIRL RUNS, TRIPS, PICKS HERSELF UP AND RUNS OVER,

FALLING ON HER KNEES BEFORE THE COUNTESS, QUIVERING.
I-I'VE DONE NOTHING! PLEASE! I AM BUT THE POOR WIDOW OF A PEASANT!

RISE, GIRL, YOU'VE DONE NOTHING! ...SO YOU ARE A WIDOW! I, TOO, THE COUNTESS, AM WITHOUT HUSBAND.

YOU SEE, I DO UNDERSTAND YOUR MISERY AND HUNGER, THE HARDSHIPS...

HE DIED IN YOUR WARS!

HUSH! DO NOT BLASPHEME! I, THE COUNTESS, UNDERSTAND YOUR GRIEF! I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM THIS SQUALOR, AWAY FROM THIS HARD LIFE!

I WILL TAKE YOU INTO MY HOME! COME, CHILD! LEAVE YOUR THINGS, I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR NEEDS!

THE NEXT DAWN FOUND A CONTENTED COUNTESS.

SHE HAD CHOSEN THE LOYAL HUNTSMAN AS HER INSTRUMENT OF FATE.

THOUGH A PERFECTLY LOYAL SUBJECT OF THE COUNTESS...

GILES FOUND LOYALTY DIDN'T ENTER INTO CERTAIN MATTERS.

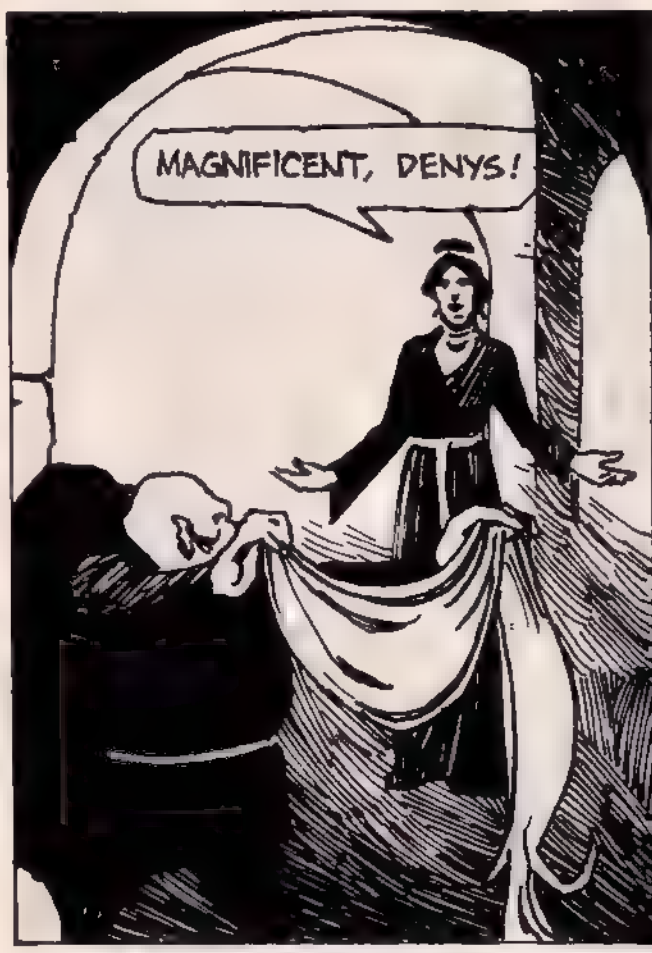
THAT EVENING GILES REPORTED HIS FAILURE.

AND TURNING TO DENYS THE DEFORMITY, SHE FOUND THE ANSWER.

FIRST, DENYS, GIVE THE GIRL A DRINK OF THIS WINE. IT IS DRUGGED AND SHE WILL SOON BE FAST ASLEEP! THEN CUT ALL THE HAIR DOWN TO THE SCALP! DO NOT MISS ONE INCH OF HAIR, NOT ONE INCH!

AND SURELY, UGLY DENYS WAS THE MOST LOYAL OF ALL, AND THE LEAST HONORED!

AND DENYS VERY SELDOM FAILED!


MAGNIFICENT, DENYS!

MARIA! COME AND FASHION ME A WIG OF THESE LOVELY GOLD LOCKS! QUICKLY NOW!

THE COUNTESS WAS DELIGHTED WITH HER NEW GOLDEN GLORY...

AND THUS DISGUISED, SHE WANDERED ABOUT THE GROUNDS...

SHOWING HERSELF IN ALL THE PLACES WHERE YOUNG GENTLEMEN GATHERED!

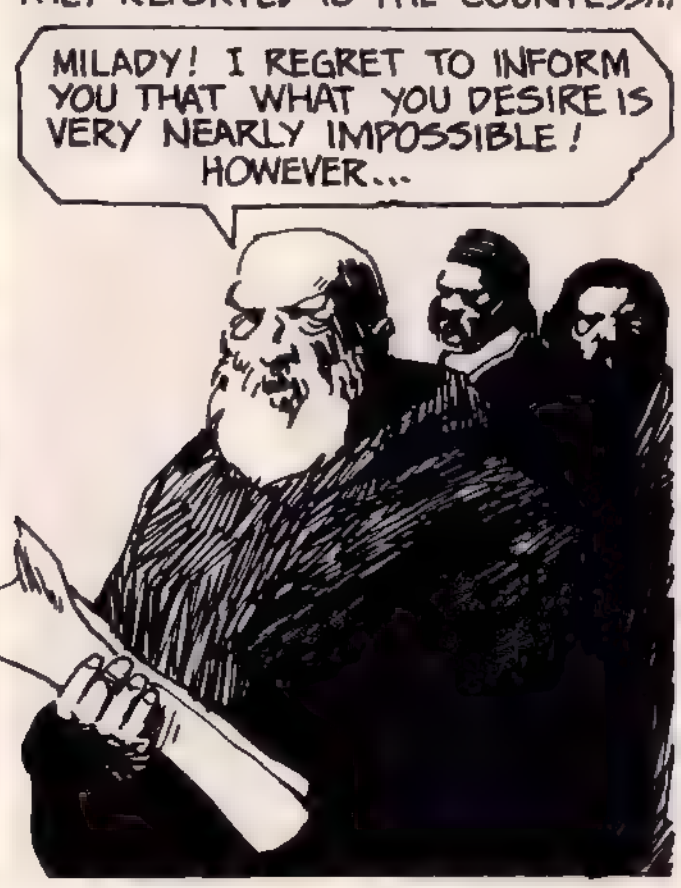
WHEN THE COUNTESS RETURNED TO HER CHAMBERS SHE WAS DOWNCAST!

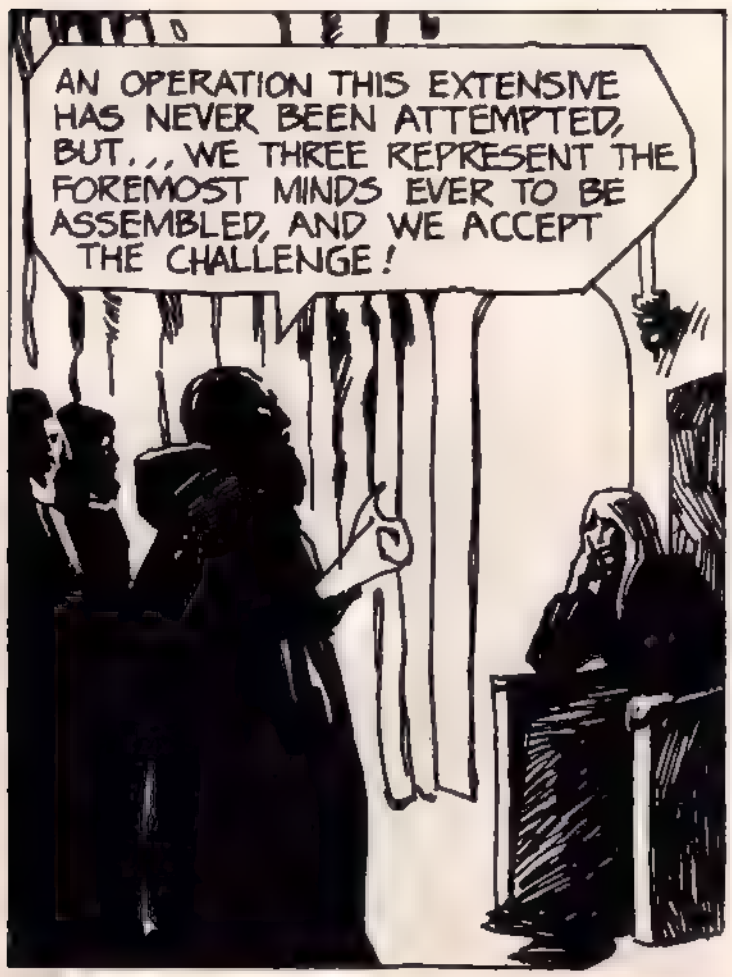
SHE WAS SOON COMFORTED WITH NEW HOPE! ...SMILING AGAIN!

AND THE RAGGED CREATURE FACED THE GREAT COUNTESS ONCE MORE...

PRESENTLY THE PORTLY AND AGED MEN OF MEDICINE ARRIVED.

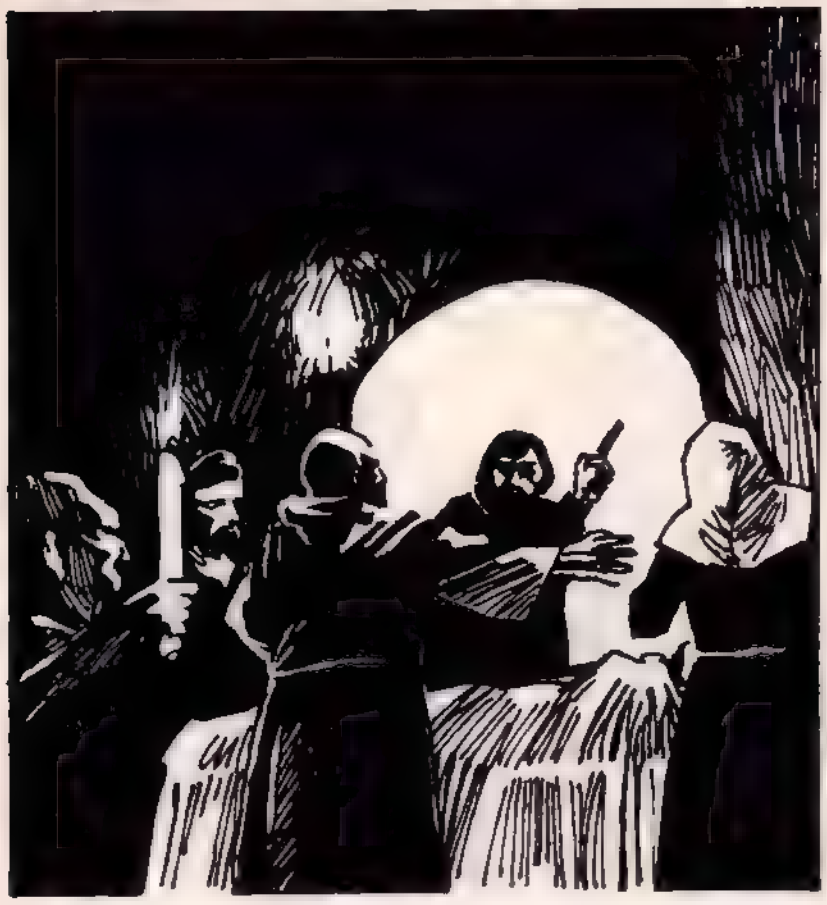
FOLLOWING A LENGTHY CONFERENCE, THEY REPORTED TO THE COUNTESS...





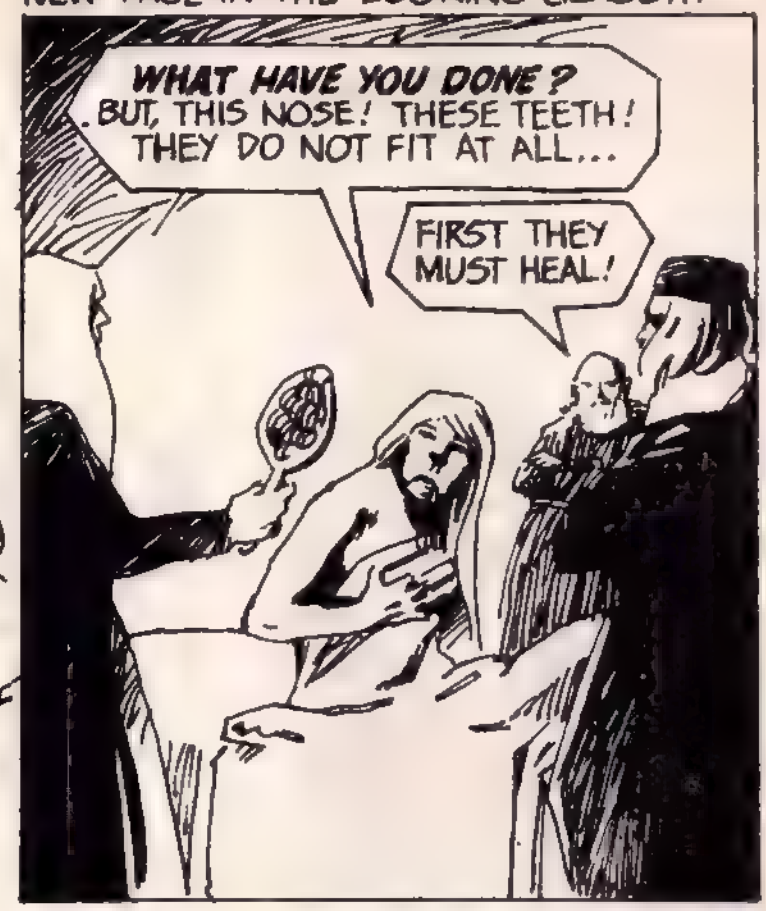
THAT EVENING, WITHIN THE DARK, DAMP CELL, THE PHYSICIANS BEGAN THEIR GRIM WORK.

SIMULTANEOUS OPERATIONS TOOK PLACE IN THE CELL AND THE COUNTESS' CHAMBER...



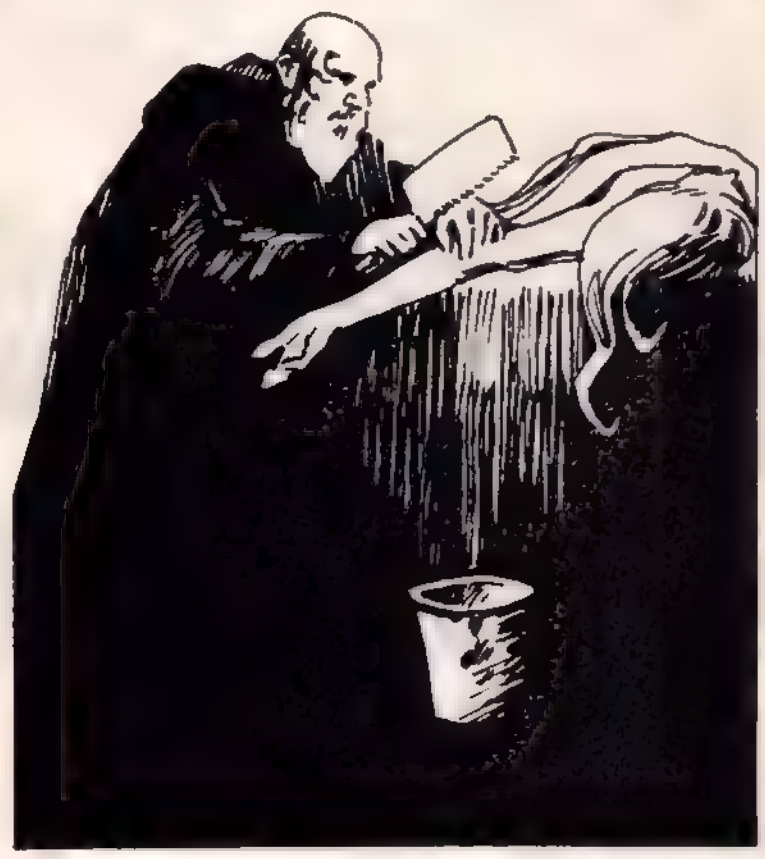
CREATING A NEW, AND YOUNGER COUNTESS!

AFTER FIVE DAYS MILADY ADMIRED HER NEW FACE IN THE LOOKING GLASS...



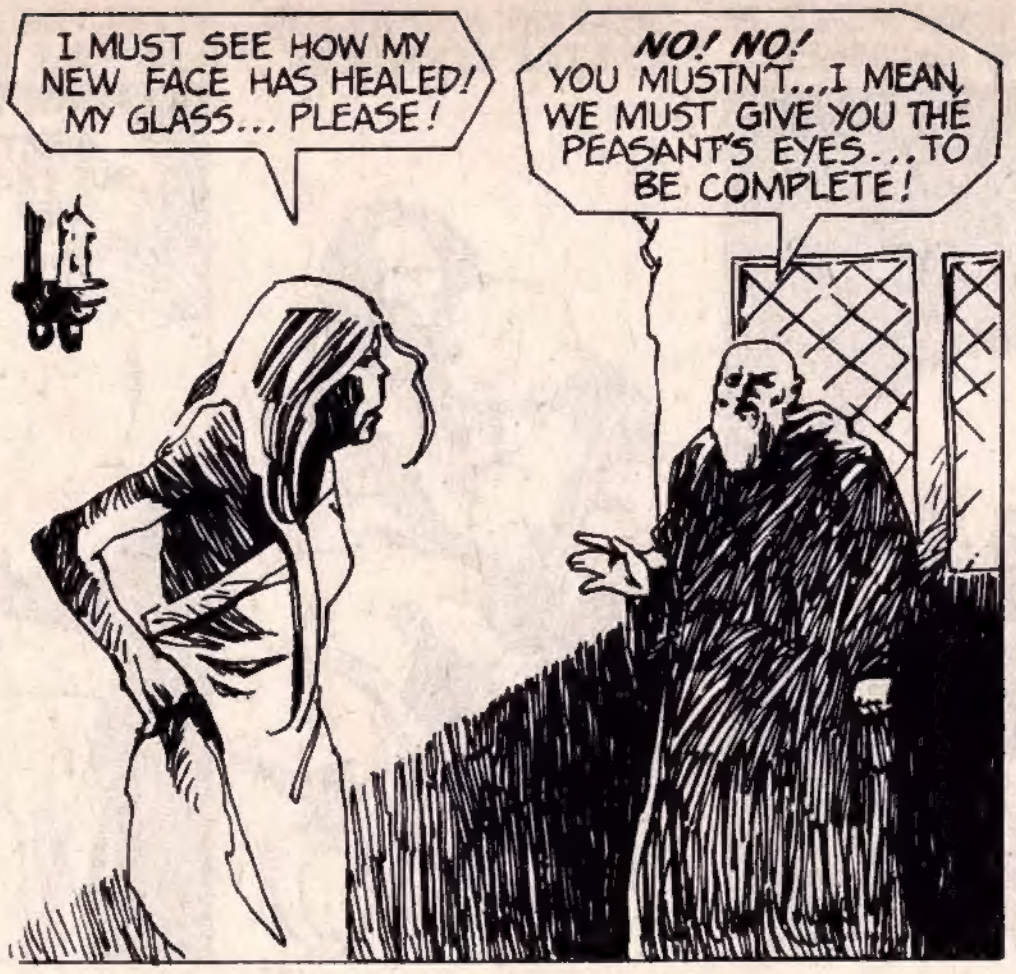
NIGHT AND DAY THE OLD PHYSICIANS WORKED OVER THE COUNTESS' BED.

KNIVES AND SAWS CUT AND HACKED AS FOUNTAINS OF BLOOD FILLED BUCKETS!



THE CUTTING AND SPLICING AND FILING CONTINUED FOR MANY PAINFUL WEEKS...

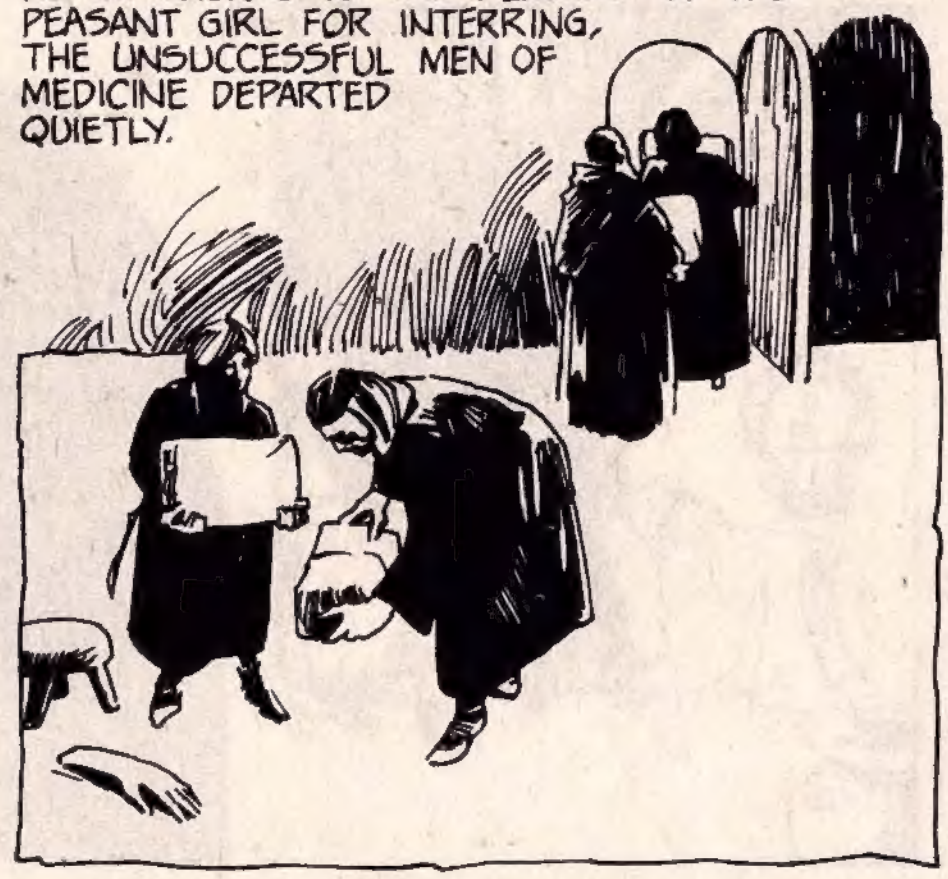
BUT THE LOFTY GOAL WAS UNATTAINABLE!



THE FINAL OPERATION PROCEEDED WITH CARE...

AND FAILED!

THERE WAS SOME ACTIVITY IN THE CELL BELOW! NEATLY PACKAGING THE REMAINS OF THE PEASANT GIRL FOR INTERRING, THE UNSUCCESSFUL MEN OF MEDICINE DEPARTED QUIETLY.



AS THE COUNTESS WEPT BITTER TEARS, A HORRIBLY DEFORMED FIGURE ENTERED.

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, UGLY DENYS TOUCHED HIS BELOVED COUNTESS.

DELIGHTED, THE BLIND COUNTESS SMILED, LAY BACK, AND WAS SOON IN ECSTACY!
.....THEN HER LEFT EYEBALL POPPED OUT.

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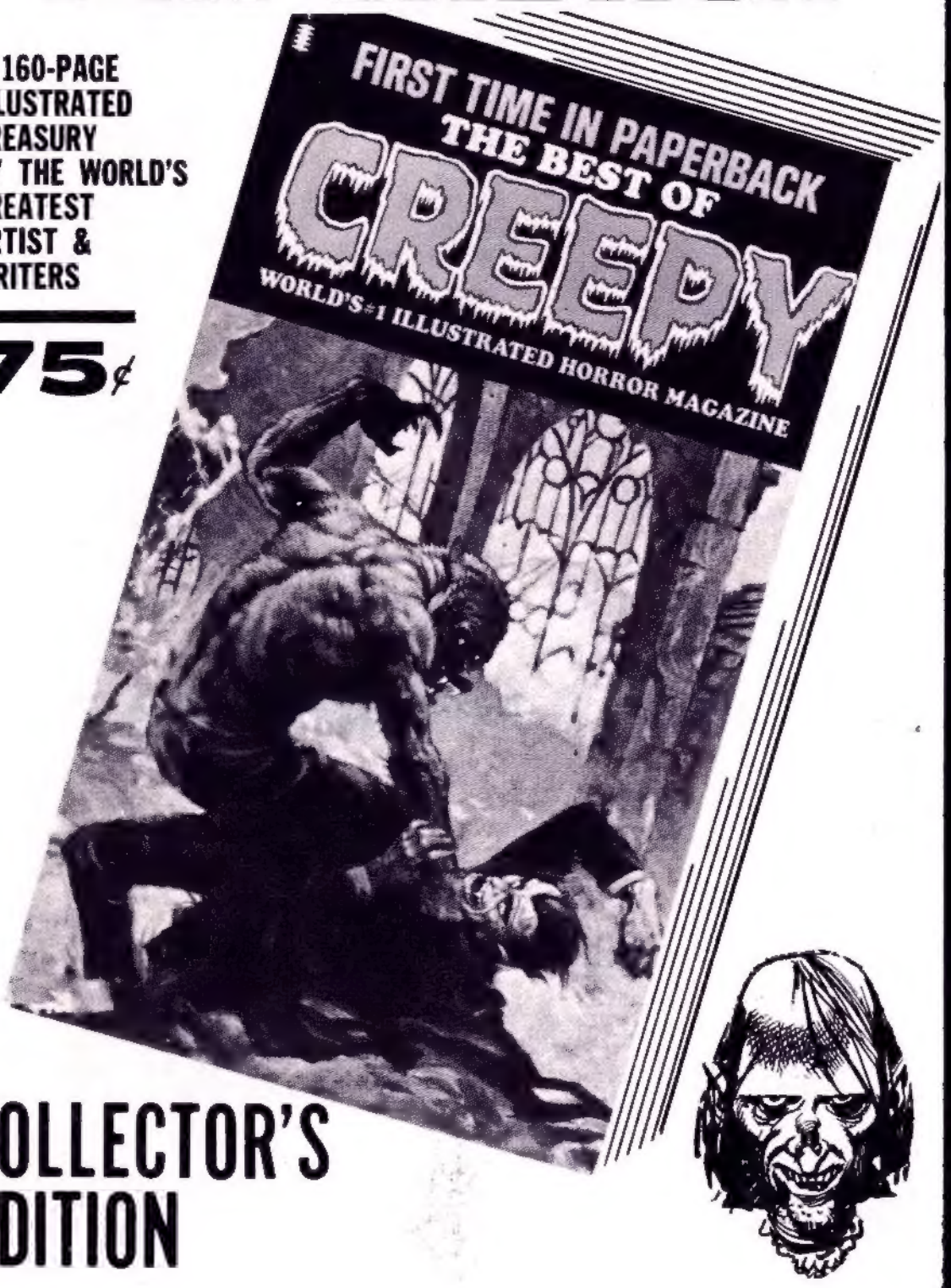

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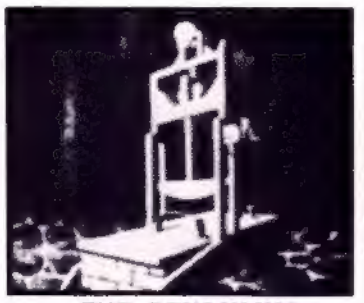
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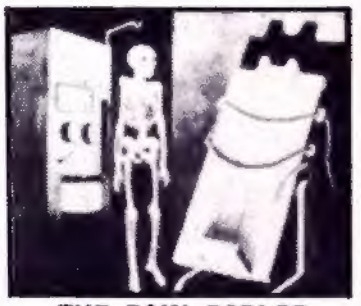
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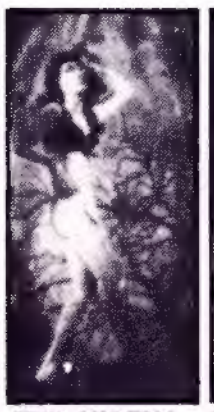
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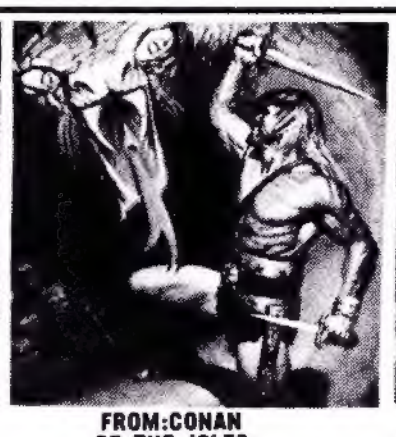

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